

The Elks

Magazine



A Prize Fight Story by Vic Whitman
Kenneth Gilbert — "Whiskey Jack"



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;
to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to
quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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JANUARY, 1935

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This Month

IN addition to the two stories listed on the cover of this Issue the Editors would like to call your attention particularly to the melodramatic and stirring tale by Sidney Herschel Small, "The Ghost Road," which starts on Page 4. This yarn represents somewhat of a departure from stories in recent numbers in that the scene is laid entirely in a foreign land—in far off China.

Because we over here know so little about what is going on in that bandit-ridden country, the Editors feel that this story carries an added appeal. Mr. Small has succeeded unusually well in doing what all good authors must do in writing fiction, in that he has created a splendid atmosphere of reality—of actual participation by the reader—in the thrilling events he relates. If you do not "lose yourself" in "The Ghost Road"—if you fail to shiver and suffer and hope with Jimmy Lane—the Editors will be sadly disappointed.

Attention, Bowlers!

BOWLING enthusiasts should be sure to read Arthur Van Vlissingen's informative interview (Page 7) with Otto Stein, Jr., Classic Bowling Champion. Mr. Stein's sound, mature advice will not only show you how to become a better bowler; it will also give you an even greater appreciation than you have had heretofore for the fine old traditions of this healthful recreation.



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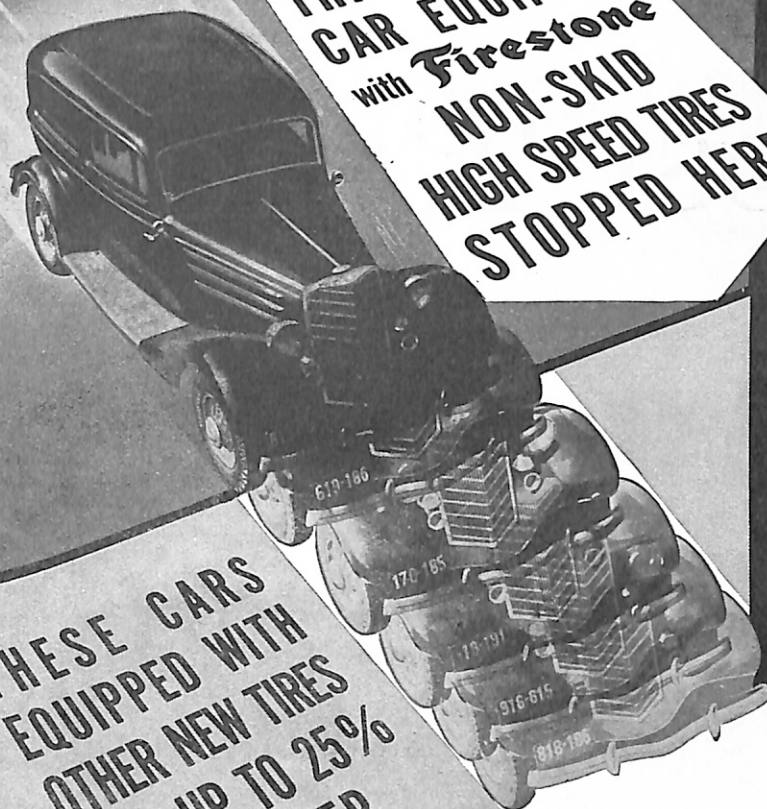
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Cover design by
W. T. Benda

The Elks Magazine, Volume 13, No. 8, January, 1935. Published monthly at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second class matter November 27, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Additional entry at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year. For Canadian postage add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and membership number; 2. Number of your Lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address; 5. Occupation or business. Please also notify your Lodge Secretary of change and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., or to the Publication's Executive Offices, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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BATTERIES

The Ghost Road

by Sidney Herschel Small

Illustrated by Franz Felix

THERE were three men, all of them old, all of them dirty and in tatters, all crouched down against the damp side of the temple which shielded them but little from the wind. Hu'i Feng, the unfrocked renegade priest, Foo Li Shan, the paid assassin, and, ugliest of the filthy lot, Shu Po, the village fool, who really had no name, but was called as he was because *tin shu po y'u* means God bless you, and once the fool had hoped that a different faith might bring him sense, and went about muttering the words a missionary had taught him. There was also a dead novice within the temple, who had guarded, among other things, the bottles and bowls now waiting between the three men. Hu'i Feng had said something to him concerning an offering, and Foo Li Shan had strangled him with a bit of cord taken from around the goddess of Mercy's waist.

The wind whipped out of the distant westward desert, made horribly cold with the gritty ice from the frozen dunes. The paid assassin, shivering with cold and anticipation, lifted a priceless kia-tsing porcelain to his lips: "By tonight," he said thinly, "we will be dead. Drink deeply, brothers. It is probable that we will be killed very slowly." They drank. "I feel happier," the village fool smiled, as the purple brandy seethed in him. "Yes. It is good to be warm. Almost as good as seeing a vision. I have never seen a vision. I should like to see one before I die."

THE renegade priest refilled the fool's bowl. He winked at Foo Li Shan, which was not easy, because his lids were stiff, wrinkled and old. "I see now why you are called a fool," chuckled Hu'i Feng. "I was a priest, yet even I saw no vision, unless you count the time I slept in a prince's bed when he was away at war. True, I was starved during the sacred days until I dreamed many dreams . . . you are sure, Foo Li Shan, that we will all be killed after the fighting?"

"What else can we expect?" the assassin asked. He listened to the increasing sound of gunfire; the fool sucked down another bowlful of brandy, holding the container as if the warmth of the liquor might heat his shaking hands. "You," Foo Li Shan said, speaking to the former holy man, "they will kill because in the past you have lied many times, for profit, to both sides. Me, because I have been hired to remove this or that person, and I will certainly have murdered some general's brother. The fool, since he is a fool and worthless. Hai-ya! Drink, brothers!"

There was no rain with the wind, nor snow. Tsi-nan-kou was half deserted; those who had means of escape had been long gone; the remainder, having nowhere to go, waited for what might happen. No lights burned. War and conquest was following a season of famine; oil was food when mixed with the bark of trees. The fool might have left but had not. Hu'i Feng and Foo Li Shan had been driven, step by step, to this village where the conflicting armies were converging. There was no further place for them to go.

The shapes of the huts were black smudges against a strangely luminous sky, a sky which was serpent-green where it domed, blue beneath, and green again at the lower edge. What stars were visible were so bright, so huge, that they seemed lanterns in the sky; one, directly above the temple, might have been the immaculate Star-Lady herself, or so the fool thought. The temple was as silent as the rest of the village. At the end of its wall, in plain sight, was a single wind-bent peach tree, bare; beneath it was the customary square mound of rocks, on which lay the usual empty wicker basket. . . .

The fool said, "Someone is coming, lords."

Hu'i Feng drained his bowl; "So soon?" he said. "So soon?"

"It will only be a spy," soothed the assassin. He began to smile. "If you wish, I can strangle you myself, brother. My hands have not lost their skill; you saw that in the temple. I will use the sacred cord we stole . . . it would be better than inexpertly aimed bullets . . . or torture."

The renegade trembled. "Not yet," he muttered.

Shu Po bowed his head a little. Since Hu'i Feng's rags were yellow with clay and mud, the fool may have taken him for a real priest. "That is to your credit," the fool said. "You wish to do another good deed before you die, and so enter the gates of heaven while your ancestors applaud—"

Hu'i Feng stared at the fool; Foo Li Shan said, "He does not know that you and I are evil men, clear to our hearts which are filled with poison, and that behind us is only the shadowy Ghost Road."

"You have both been kind to me," faltered the fool. He stopped, listening. "The stranger comes nearer, lords. He is by the food-shop which was torn apart last month when we were starving. One man. His head is down—"

"I see nothing," the assassin broke in.

Shu Po went on: "He walks slowly. His feet do not come down pat-pat-pat like ours. Perhaps he is a white man, and will say *shu po y'u* to me before I die."

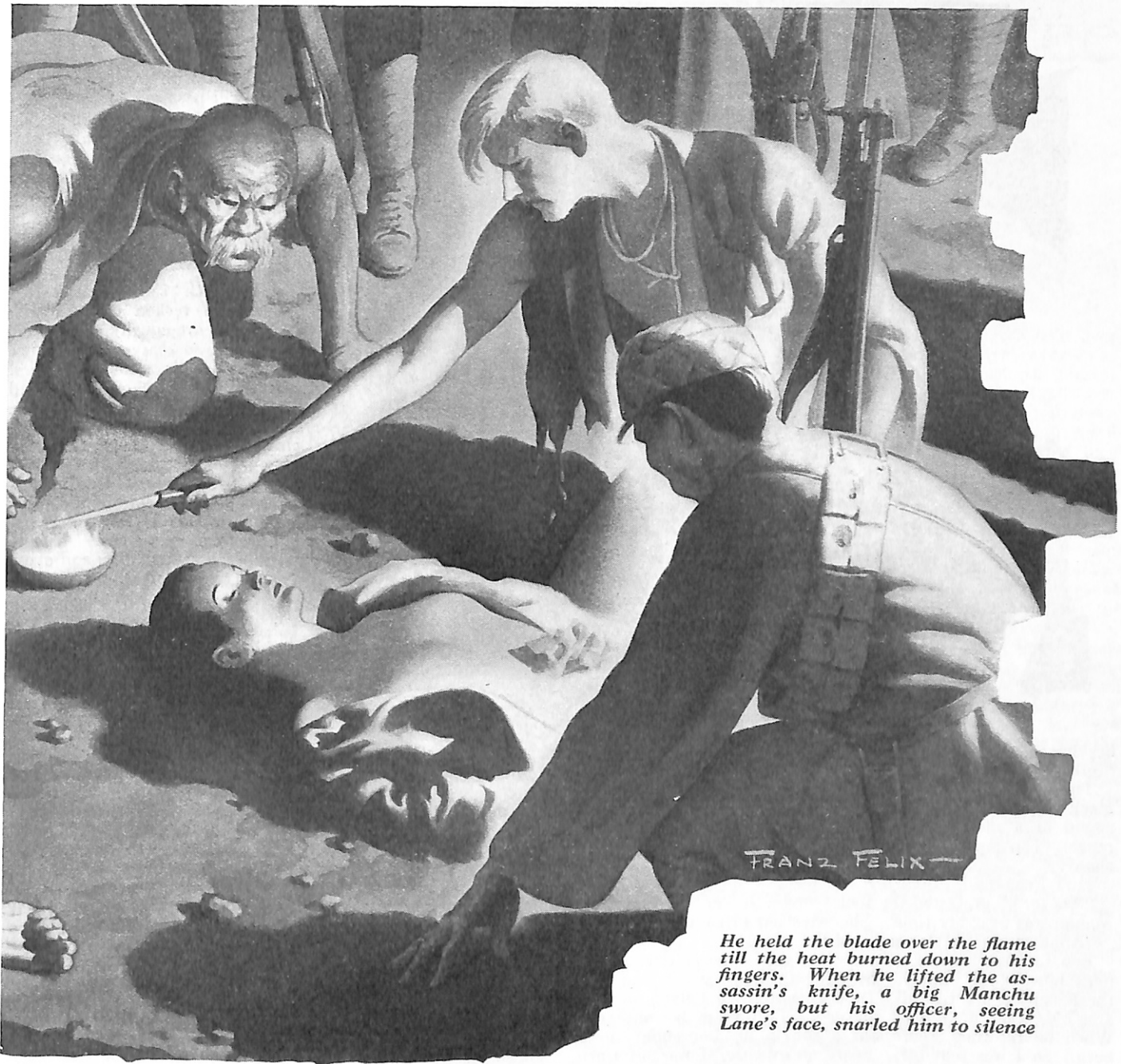
As they watched, they saw it was no scout, no soldier, who approached. The figure, at first only a moving blackness against the wall, came forward steadily; it was the assassin who called, "Ni kam yat ho la?"

The shuffling figure stopped, the head lifted. The answer came slowly, in singsong; a moment more and three men were examining a fourth. He was, they saw, much younger than they, although as thin. His clothes, like their own, were in rags; the torn blue jacket was no protection from the cold. He was a white man, but his face was almost as dark as the trio's. His eyes were weary and blue, his hair, when they came to look at it, fair.

"You are hungry?" asked Foo Li Shan. "Sit. Here is food, no worse because we stole it from the temple."

The white man said, "Thank you."





He held the blade over the flame till the heat burned down to his fingers. When he lifted the assassin's knife, a big Manchu swore, but his officer, seeing Lane's face, snarled him to silence

The assassin looked at the stranger's neck, guessing his age as thirty; he reached inside his tatters and handed the other a dried millet-cake. Filling a bowl, he commanded, "Drink," and the white man drank.

Northward, a break had been made in the Chinese trenches. To reach the second line, as Fo Li Shan knew, the armies would come through the village. West was the desert. East, the Manchu force which had driven the three to Tsi-nan-kou, would advance to strike the defenders on the flank. Before long the fighting would be in the village, and, when the Manchus had swept forward, the examinations would begin, and the life of Foo Li Shan would end.

He said, "You feel better now? Good. Why are you here, white man?"

"I look for Tsi-nan-kou."

Shu Po said, "It is a small place, lord."

THERE was light in the stranger's eyes. "Does a woman called Suo See live here? She is young and—"

"If she did," the assassin grinned, "she has run away. Here are only the very old, who have come a long way on the Ghost Road."

Hu'i Feng bent his twisted lips nearer to the assassin's ear. The brandy was bringing him hope. "Suppose," he whispered, drooling, "that we send the fool as messenger; we will say we have a white man, and if we are given assurances of life we will not kill him. If he dies it will cause the Manchus trouble."

THE white man must have had keen ears. The momentary light was gone from his eyes; they were hopeless now. "It was really death for which I looked," he said. "I kept hoping, but—"

"You have come to the right place for that business," Foo Li Shan chuckled, as he fingered his cord. "I, the assassin, will kill you. Hu'i Feng will pray over you. The fool can be the mourner. What more could you ask?"

"Nothing. When?"

"All in good time. And"—giving the cord an experimental twist—"if it makes trouble for those who will accord us a less merciful dying, so much the better."

Hu'i Feng muttered, "It might be well if I went into the temple, and said a prayer to Kuan Yin, the goddess of Mercy—"

"You?" jeered Foo Li Shan. "When you stole the cord from



Lifting a priceless bowl to his lips, he said, "By to-night we will be dead. Drink deeply, brothers. It is probable that we will be killed very slowly"

her image, and we killed her novice with it? Hai! Drink, brothers."

The white man left his bowl untouched, staring into the black-purple surface of the liquor. Over to the left was the sound of a machine gun in action Tap tap. Getting the range. Tap tap. Then a quick burst, and a shrill scream of agony.

Hu'i Feng said, "Someone has died."

"No, lord," protested the fool. "Someone has been born. A woman was near her time. She cried out in pain."

"Another brat to starve," said the assassin.

Foo Li Shan glanced at the white man, who stared into the dark bowlful of brandy. Stroking the cord which had been the Kuan Yin's: "I recall a time when a Great Person, wealthy and old, went on a long journey. Two years he was gone. When he returned, there was a son in his household, newly born. So I was sent for. 'Spare no expense,' I was informed. I strangled four handsome men before the Great Person was satisfied."

The recollection pleased him and he began to sing.

The white man sat with the paid assassin, the renegade priest, and the fool—who was playing a game in the dirt, making marks each time he heard the crack of a rifle, each time a Mannlicher thudded in reply—sat, staring into the smooth surface of the brandy. Why didn't he drink it? He was a drunkard; he had been drunk, so the Shanghai deputation had said when at last they had managed to get through the howling crowd outside the hospital. Drunk, yea. With fatigue. Perhaps, also, before the man arrived to inspect his work, drunk with happiness. Alice's last letter had said: "your two years are almost over . . . it is hard to wait. Jimmy, but how marvelous it will be when you come back. . . ."

THAT final day in the hospital passed before him now, as he watched the bowlful of native brandy. Everything else was as nothing. Medical school. His internship. The chance to come to China as a medical missionary, for the practice it would give him, and the good which he might do. He had tackled the job seriously, had Dr. Lane, the more in earnest because he had mixed plenty of play with work in the States; it was Alice who had said that she loved him, anyway, but she

hoped he wouldn't become a society diagnostician, inventing ailments which only he himself might cure. He had taken his oath literally since he'd been in China . . . with purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my art . . . even when he could hear the snake-bellied guitars twinkling, and the dancing-girls were swaying down in the village . . . and Alice was so very far away. . . .

That final day. An operation at six. Another at seven-thirty. Old Dr. Gibson in slippers, puttering about before taking his "medicine" . . . no help. His oath came into action here again: to reckon on him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him and relieve his necessities. Dr. Gibson, useless once he had "steadied his nerves" for the day. Next, work in the wards until noon. No chance for lunch; he had to keep an eye on the village mandarin's son, for, if the twenty-year-old died, after being taken to the hospital, missionary work would be seriously hampered. . . .

Nor was this easy, since the patient's father, and first wife, and every relative in the village insisted upon examining the sick man at hourly intervals, to make certain that he lived. It was mid-afternoon, when Lane was reading his letter, that a native nurse wailed and a bell clanged; it was a minute later when Lane saw the man die in agony. Poisoned. Of this Lane was positive. He went to Dr. Gibson, but the old physician was asleep. When after questioning everyone, Lane finally saw white men struggling through the throng outside, he wrote a fictitious chart, as if Gibson had been ill for a long time; then, grimly, he drank a cup of cold, black coffee and topped it off with a single glass of whisky.

His examination was bitter; one of the Shanghai men said, "The facts are plain, doctor. We can smell alcohol on you. Whatever you gave the patient caused death."

"I gave him nothing," Lane explained again. "People have been coming in and out all day. Anyone might have poisoned him."

THE work has been set back twenty years," another said. "Under the circumstances, resignation is impossible. Drunk on duty. Killing a patient by incorrect prescribing. Having Dr. Gibson kept here, sick as he is, instead of sending him down river. I suppose you felt that if we sent another man here, doctor, he'd see what you were up to? Gibson was old and worn out—"

Lane had kept his temper. "There must be some solution to this," he pleaded. "Let me see what I can find out. One of the nurses told me that a young woman was in the room who wasn't a relative—"

It was night when Lane stormed out of the village. "I'll find her and bring her back," he swore. "If you won't believe me, perhaps you'll believe her. Can't you wait with your statements until we learn the truth? I've a life to live. I've people at home. Won't you wait?"

Impressed with his earnestness, with his hitherto faultless record, they ended by giving him ten days in which to produce the woman.

On the tenth day Lane was still held by bandits, fifty miles from the hospital. He was released on the fourteenth. Money gone, he sold his clothes for food to keep alive. Of the terrible slow journey, hungry, weaker each day in a land where no man dared share a handful of grain, he recalled little. Once a gaunt missionary said to him, "Somewhere you will find the end of your search," and Lane supposed that the man-from-heaven meant death.

He looked up from the bowl of brandy. Why not death? Here he was, in Tsi-nan-kou; the (Continued on page 36)

Smacking the One and Three

An Interview with Otto Stein, Jr.,

Classic (American Singles Match) Bowling Champion

by Arthur Van Vliissingen, Jr.

BASEBALL was my first love among sports and I am still to be found at the Cardinals' ball yard every summer afternoon when I can stretch my conscience to believe I don't really need to work. For my first few years bowling was something that I had vaguely heard my father talking about, but paid no attention to. I can still recall that Sunday morning, the winter I was sixteen, when he said "Come on along with me, Otto, we'll go over to the bowling alleys and roll a couple of games."

There was nothing else I wanted to do. It was too cold to play baseball. Sunday morning bowling was—and is—an old German custom in St. Louis. And it is always a lot of trouble for a kid to withstand his father in those moments when the Old Man decides to be a pal to his boy.

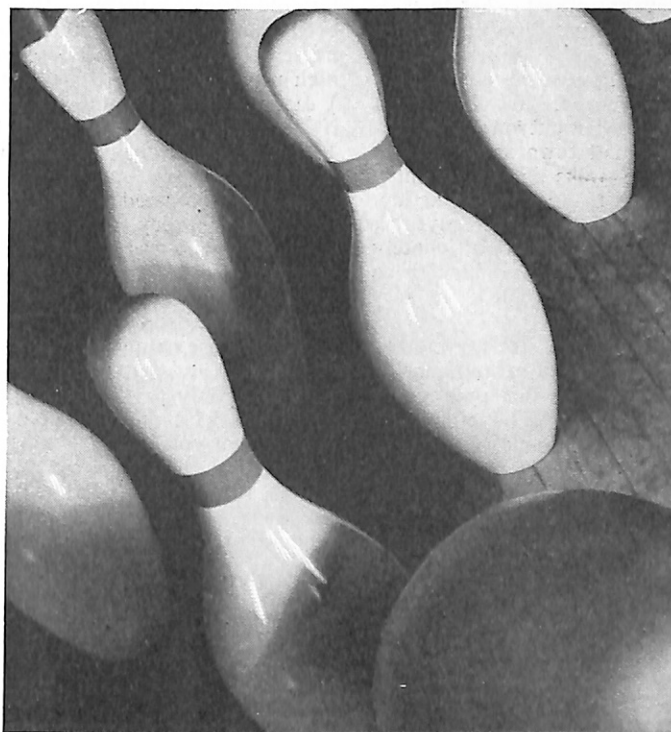
Believe it or not, I had never seen bowling. I watched them at it for a few minutes. "It looks pretty simple," I said. Dad and his pals laughed and urged me to try it.

My first ball dribbled off into the gutter halfway to the end. My second, by a mixture of pure accident and tremendous concentration, sliced a couple or three pins off one end. And with that I had the bug. It's the same way with practically everyone. You start out by scoffing and end up wondering why any normal human being cannot roll so big a ball straight enough every time to catch the number one pin and the number three pin for an endless succession of strikes.

From my first glance bowling looked to me like the simplest game anybody ever saw. It still looks that way to me, though I know from sad experience that it's a lot harder than it looks. It took me a few years to become a good bowler, but by the time I was in my early twenties I was winning some local events. Ever since then I have been taking a crack at the championship events, and sometimes getting up in the money.

Two years ago the national bowling authorities decided to hold an event which would authentically set up a real singles championship, with the minimum of flukes. Instead of the contestants' scores being based on a small number of games—as is notoriously true of some of the national events—and thus permitting the possibility of a mediocre bowler coming through by being better than he knows how for one or two evenings, they set up the Classic. This was so run that the man who won it had to bowl a good game for a succession of events. It was won by Joe Miller of Buffalo, who has long been recognized as a top-notch in the sport.

Last year the Classic started, as far as I was concerned, with the local elimination tournament. Some 96 St. Louis bowlers whose entries were accepted on their records rolled



Young-Phelps, Nesmith Photo

an 18-game match held over three successive week-ends. The 48 who made the highest scores then started all over again, and trimmed it down to 24. So it went, until finally I had the good luck to win. Next, all of the cities sent their winners to Detroit, where we went at it hammer-and-tongs for three days. When I had the good fortune to come out ahead here, I had the privilege of rolling against Miller for the championship.

We rolled 40 games on new alleys in Buffalo, his home town. Then we rolled 40 on new alleys in St. Louis, my home. When the last pin had banged into the pit the score stood in my favor. And if you don't think that was work I hope you have to go through it some time. When it was all over I figured out I had bowled exactly 200 games to win, counting from that first elimination round in St. Louis until I had the title. I still

maintain that it was not a bowling championship but an endurance contest! And I only hope that whoever comes through next spring as the challenger I have to meet, feels as tired as I did when Miller and I had finished up. Even if he beats me, which of course I'm not planning on, he will know he has been doing some bowling.

FOLKS often ask me what is the greatest thrill of bowling. I generally come back with, "What do you think?" Nine out of ten put their money on a 300 game—one of those combinations of skill, feeling right, and just plain luck when you make 12 strikes, knocking over all the pins with one ball and doing it 12 times in a row so that the game is absolutely perfect. All of which is a real thrill. I can still remember the kick I got out of it the first time I rolled 300, and I still feel a little chesty whenever I get away with it—though it ought to be an old story with me now. But a 300 game is not, for me, the really big thrill of bowling.

About one questioner in ten guesses right, for me. He says, "When you pick up a really hard spare." And that, let me go on record, is the biggest kick I ever get out of bowling. For it is a comparatively rough operation to bowl a strike. All you have to do is hit those two adjacent pins, numbers one and three, at about the same instant—and wham, they all lie down like sparrows in front of a double-barrelled shotgun. And when a bowler of some skill is getting them down the groove just the way he likes them, it is not uncanny for him to do it 12 times in a row, with a resultant 300 game.

But no matter how good a bowler you may be, there comes all too often that sad situation where your ball plows through and leaves a couple or three pins still standing—it has never

been altogether clear to me how they can remain upright in the cussed fashion they so delight to display. Pins tumble all around them—and when the smoke of battle clears away there is the number six and the number seven, or some even more spiteful combination. And if the bowler is to salvage the situation, he has to hit that spare in such manner that one pin will fly off at an angle and knock over the others.

In other words, you have a billiard shot to make with a 16-pound ball for your cue-ball, some perversely-shaped tenpins for your other balls, and no cushions to carom from, then add to this the fact that the scene of action is 90 feet away from the line where you must bowl. That, dear reader, is about the dirtiest set-up that any game can provide to test the skill of the contestant and the goodwill of the gods who look after us simple-minded fellows who keep on bowling instead of taking up some sensible recreation like beating our wives.

The biggest kick I ever had in bowling was neither in winning the Classic last winter nor in rolling four 300 games in a season, which I did back in 1919. Nor did it take place on a championship alley. Instead, it was on some alleys in a downstate Illinois country town, Trenton, not far from St. Louis. Incidentally, a champion bowler out on an exhibition tour can have more fun in one small town show than in two dozen big-city appearances. The folks in the country towns do not often get a chance to see a big-timer in action. Moreover, little enough goes on there usually so that anything like an exhibition by a title-holder draws a disproportionately large crowd for the size of the community. And how those babies holler and pull for their local champ to lick the city slicker!

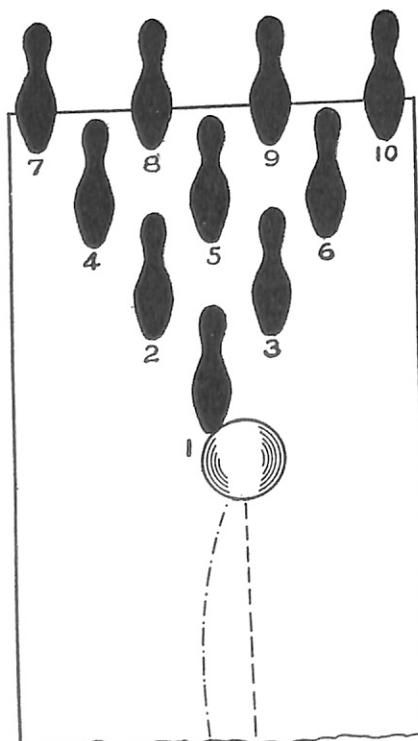
In this particular town I have lots of friends, for my mother came from there and I have been going back for upland hunting these many years. The crowd was friendly, but pulling for the local man and razzing me all the way. The alleys, by comparison with championship alleys, were atrocious, for they had only recently been reopened after probably ten years of complete neglect. The man who had fixed them up had done his conscientious best, but they had humps and grooves and hollows in them which could never be cleared up with a plane.

Well, I was rolling each ball down those alleys with a prayer that it would thread its way between the obstacles and get down to that ten-strike combination. And I was having pretty good luck, considering. Then, just when the friendly razzing was getting warm, if I didn't have the hard luck to leave a 7-9-10 spare! If you are a bowler you know just what that means. If you aren't, take my word that it is about as hard a problem to solve with a bowling ball as anything that can be solved. My chances, back on my home alleys, would have been no better than 1 out of 100 if that particular spare had shown up. On these miniature bad lands the chances were 1,000 to 1 that I'd miss. And everybody there, old friends and folks I had never before laid eyes on, raised their voices and yelled, "Come on, now, Otto. If you're as good as you're supposed to be, let's see you pick those off!"

I grinned back at them, registering all the confidence in the world. Believe me, I didn't feel it. But because they were my old friends, because they had been picking on me all evening, and because I knew I'd never hear the last of it if I missed, I put all the voodoo magic on that ball that a Haitian high priest would use to kill off his lady-love's husband. And I eased it down the alley knowing in my heart I'd be lucky if I got two of those pins. After all, I was trying to hit the 10 pin so as barely to touch the 9 pin, causing it to fly over and get the 7 pin.

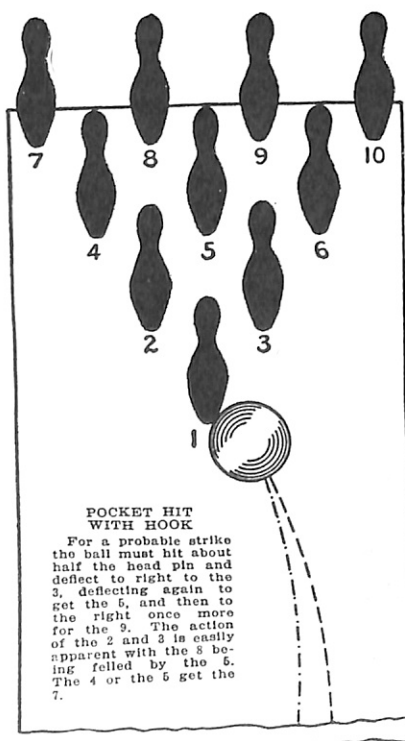
I swear it seemed to take that ball five minutes to roll the length of the alley. I was sighting down the line, and at any given second it was anywhere from one to three inches off the course I had laid it. Then, Allah be praised, it wobbled off a bump at the foot of the alley, sideslipped a good nickel's worth, and kissed that number 9 pin into the 7 pin for as pretty a spare as any bowler ever laid eyes on!

I turned and bowed to my pals, putting on a smile which said as plainly as if I'd spoken the words, "How could you ever doubt I'd do it? After all, I'm pretty doggoned good, even if you yokels don't know enough to recognize it." They clapped and they hollered, and if I had had enough time, I'd still be sitting there drinking the beer that they fought to buy for me. (When some of them read this, the first honest account of that shot that ever found its way into print, I bet



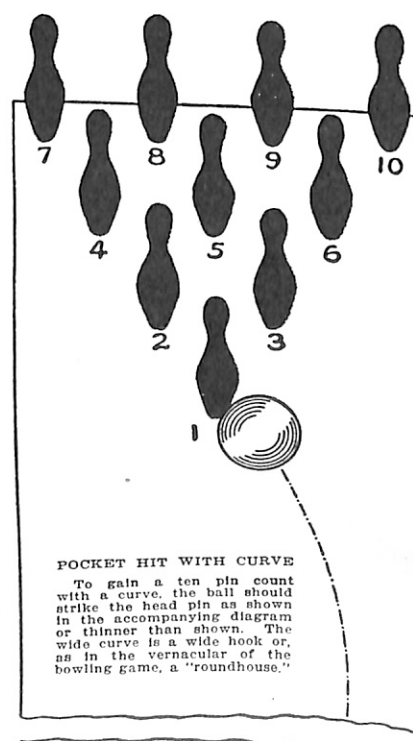
POCKET HIT WITH STRAIGHT OR BACKUP BALL
Head pin must be almost fully covered to cause proper deflection to 5 and thence to the 2 pin.

STR. OR BACKUP
FOUL LINE



POCKET HIT WITH HOOK
For a probable strike the ball must hit about half the head pin and deflect to the right to the 3, deflecting again to get the 5, and then to the right once more for the 9. The action of the 2 and 3 is easily apparent with the 5 being felled by the 6. The 4 or the 5 get the 7.

HOOKS
FOUL LINE



POCKET HIT WITH CURVE
To gain a ten pin count with a curve, the ball should strike the head pin as shown in the accompanying diagram or thinner than shown. The wide curve is a wide hook or, as in the vernacular of the bowling game, a "roundhouse."

CURVE
FOUL LINE

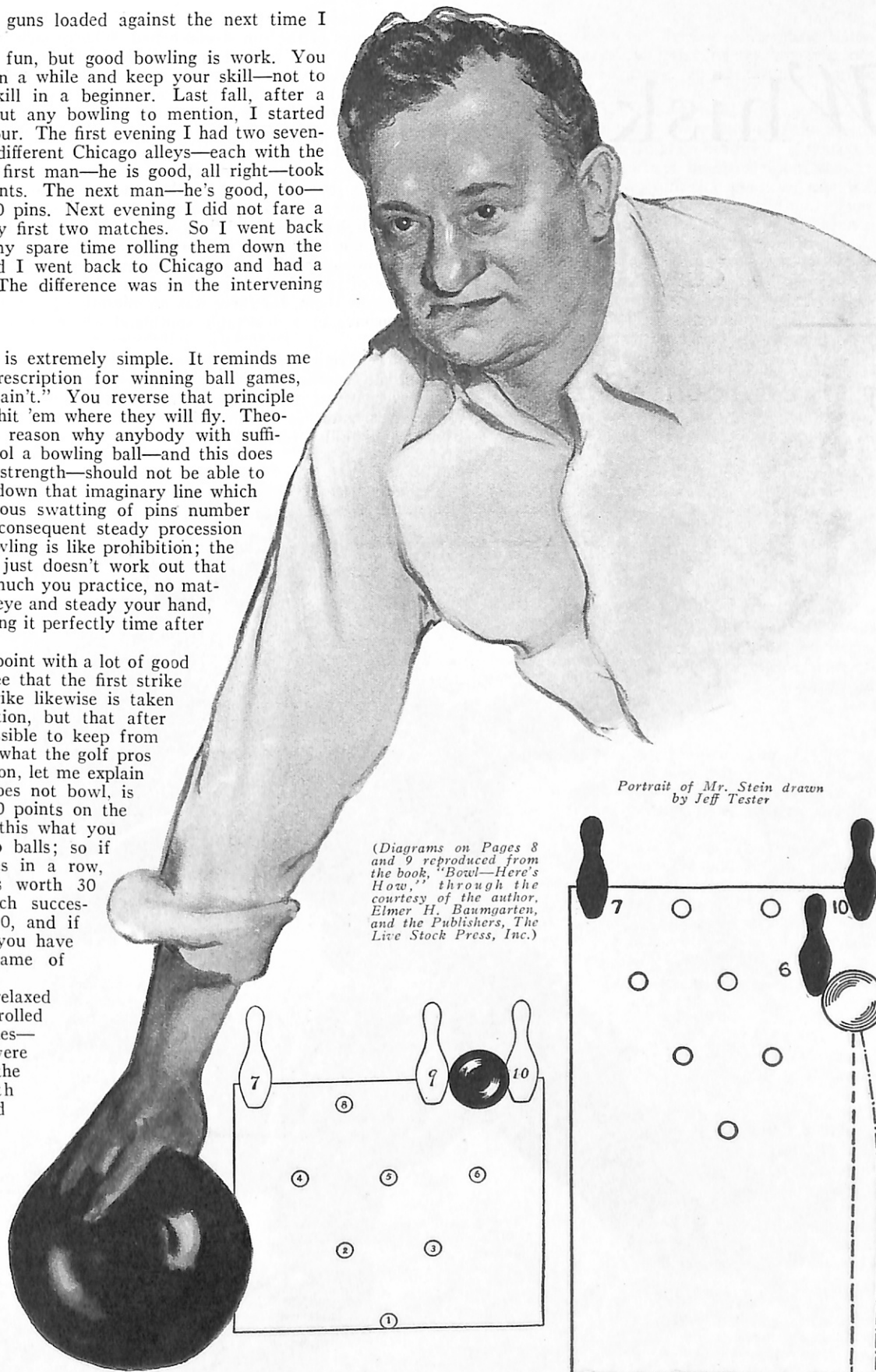
they keep their quail guns loaded against the next time I come to town.)

Bowling is a lot of fun, but good bowling is work. You can't just bowl once in a while and keep your skill—not to mention developing skill in a beginner. Last fall, after a summer of golf without any bowling to mention, I started out on an exhibition tour. The first evening I had two seven-game matches at two different Chicago alleys—each with the local champions. The first man—he is good, all right—took me for about 225 points. The next man—he's good, too—took me for about 350 pins. Next evening I did not fare a whole lot better in my first two matches. So I went back home and spent all my spare time rolling them down the alleys. Next week-end I went back to Chicago and had a little better results. The difference was in the intervening hours of practice.

IN principle bowling is extremely simple. It reminds me of the old baseball prescription for winning ball games, "Hit 'em where they ain't." You reverse that principle in bowling and try to hit 'em where they will fly. Theoretically there is little reason why anybody with sufficient strength to control a bowling ball—and this does not take such a lot of strength—should not be able to roll it time after time down that imaginary line which leads to the simultaneous swatting of pins number one and three, and a consequent steady procession of strikes. Therein bowling is like prohibition; the theory is swell, but it just doesn't work out that way. No matter how much you practice, no matter how accurate your eye and steady your hand, you just can't keep doing it perfectly time after time.

I have checked this point with a lot of good bowlers. They all agree that the first strike is easy, the second strike likewise is taken with a natural relaxation, but that after this it is simply impossible to keep from tightening up a little—what the golf pros call pressing. The reason, let me explain for any reader who does not bowl, is that a strike counts 10 points on the score and you add to this what you make on the next two balls; so if you make three strikes in a row, the first one becomes worth 30 points. Thereafter each successive strike is worth 30, and if you get 12 in a row you have bowled the perfect game of 300.

No matter how relaxed you were when you rolled those first two strikes—particularly if they were at the opening of the game—your breath comes a little faster and your heart pounds a bit heavier as you pick up your ball for the third try. Also, of course, your muscles tighten up a bit. They keep tightening up more and more with each successive strike, so that by the time you have eleven of those X marks in the upper corners of the scoreboard, and get all ready to mow 'em down for the twelfth, you are in about the same condition as the greenhorn hunter who sets his (Continued on page 44)

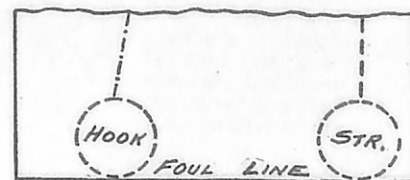
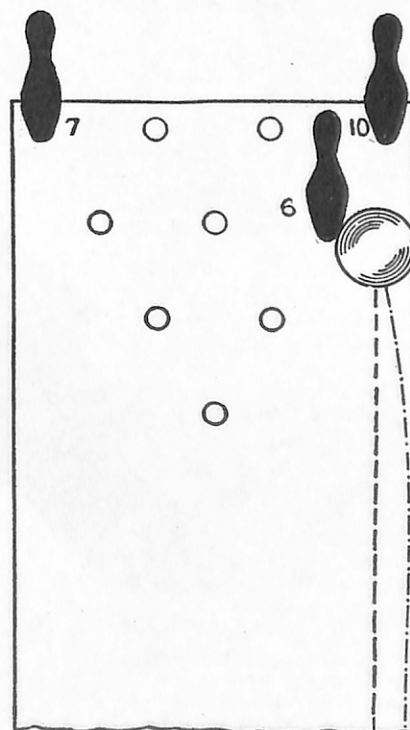


Portrait of Mr. Stein drawn by Jeff Tester

(Diagrams on Pages 8 and 9 reproduced from the book, "Bowl—Here's How," through the courtesy of the author, Elmer H. Baumgarten, and the Publishers, The Live Stock Press, Inc.)

Right, above: The 7-9-10 split—one of the most difficult in bowling. The ball must barely clip the 9-pin, so as to deflect it across the alley to the 7

Right: The difficult 6-7-10 split. The hook ball has the advantage over the straight ball here because, with it, it is possible to curve in from the right, thus getting a better cut at the 6-pin



Whisky- Jack

by Kenneth Gilbert

Illustrated by R. H. Collins

SINCE dawn, when the pallid moon had become a mere astral ring as the weak rays of the sun strengthened, Whisky-jack had hopped confidently over the brittle snow or had flitted on hushed wings through the silent channels of the spruce forest, but with little success. Most of the scanty scraps of food he had found he had carried to his mate, who was brooding three pearly-gray eggs in the curiously-built nest snuggled against the upper bole of a tall tree, for instinct made him a good husband although his spouse was short-tempered and vindictive, after the manner of all Canada jays.

Although it was late in March, the northland was still seized in the polar grip, and the recent blizzard had left the spired conifers drooping under the weight of snow. The landscape was glittering white, coldly immaculate and seemingly lifeless save for Whisky-jack. It was the season of utter famine, before the north-swinging sun brought the hardier of the migrating hordes, and the snow-line gave back reluctantly, step by step, before the green vanguards of spring. Yet, come early as they might, Whisky-jack would be there to greet them, for there was no migrating instinct in him, and he never could conceive of a delectable southland where ice was unknown and food abundant.

Only the Arctic owls had his courage and fortitude to endure the rigors of an Alaskan winter, and in some respects he was braver than they. His feathery coat was not so fluffily thick as theirs, nor could he kill rabbits and other small game as did the wide-winged hunters. In recompense for this, they made "kills" for him, and no matter how fiercely they snapped their beaks or hissed at him, Whisky-jack patiently hovered



about until opportunity came for him to snatch a morsel. He could dart in and seize a fragment of meat almost from the ravening jaws of a wolf who had struck down game; and as for mankind, Whisky-jack had no fear at all. The world owed him a living, and he took it where he found it. Many a lone prospector, mushing on toward some remote creek to be on hand for the spring freshets which would give him water in his sluice-boxes, would curse in vain when he discovered that a hunk of bannock or a slice of bacon had taken wing in the strong claws of Whisky-jack. But retribution seldom followed, for there was a certain companionship in this bold bird's presence among the dead winter wastes. A pest he might be, to be endured like the black flies and mosquitoes of summer; nevertheless, in a sense, he satisfied the craving of man's soul for the nearness of something living.

And, in his own way, like a true philosopher Whisky-jack had faith. The season of plenty would come; indeed it could not be far off. And that is why he and his mate had so confidently built their nest in anticipation, lining the long, stocking-like affair of bark strips, spruce needles and tufts of dead weeds, with feathers and warm down from their own breasts. Just as confidently they prepared to raise their family, even though the temperature at night still dropped to depths that froze the life-blood of trees and made them snap and groan as though in the agony of travail.

AN unprepossessing bird, despite his strong individuality, he was less than a foot in length, from the tip of his stout beak to the end of his nervously twitching tail. Neutral-hued, save for his somber hood with the white forehead. There was intelligence in his black, shoe-button eyes, as there is intelligence in the eyes of all jays; a shrewd wisdom and understanding. Men might curse him and call him "camp robber," but it was bad luck to kill him. Perhaps they instinctively respected his perky cheerfulness in the face of a drear outlook.

At this moment he was tremendously hungry, and he knew that his mate had not eaten since the previous evening when he had brought her a morsel of flesh discovered when an owl had slain a snow-shoe rabbit. In these chilly days she dare not leave off brooding to hunt on her own account. Warm though the nest might be, the frost would quickly turn the eggs to pearly-gray lumps of ice if she

neglected them even for the most fleeting of hunting tours.

So, Whisky-jack, the pangs of his enforced fast growing unendurably sharp, continued to move on his short, dipping flights through the silence of the trees, his keen eyes missing nothing, his ears attuned for the sounds which meant food—the scream of a rabbit struck by a snowy weasel, the weird ululation of the wolves calling their gray brethren to feast on a moose-calf. Familiar sounds, and yet he heard them not.

And, as he flew, there recurred to him the one great mystery of the winter, a problem which had defied all solution. That it had to do with food was natural. But the why and wherefore of it was beyond his strength or comprehension. Still mulling over it, he came to rest at last on a snag at the edge of a waste-land—acres upon acres of alders which, bent under the pressure of many snows, all grew in a slanting direction. It was a jungly stretch impenetrable even in summer to all save the smaller creatures. Such bulky beasts as moose and bear turned aside when they came to it.

WHISKY-JACK, humped there on his perch, fluffed his feathers to ward off the cold, and seemed to lose himself in gloomy preoccupation. The sun, like a bleared eye, moved on its flattened arc across the southern horizon. Whisky-jack's spirits drooped lower. In his tiny brain was still that unanswered question that had puzzled him so long. For once, it seemed, hope had sunk.

Then, abruptly, he lifted his head and craned his neck, his feathers settling themselves in place. To his ears had come a low, thudding sound. Moreover, it came from close by. It was no beat of wings upon a log, as might be the case later when the willow grouse were mating, and the vain old cocks strutted and thrummed to impress their shy female admirers. There was a monotonous regularity in the repetition. Whisky-jack knew that what he heard was axe-strokes. That meant Man, and Man meant food.

INSTANTLY he was his old perky self once more. Taking off from the snag, he flew steadily, rising and falling as he winged strongly in the direction whence came the sound. A quarter of a mile away he came upon a parka-clad figure patiently chopping at the side of a stump.

But what interested the gray most was the man's pack lying on the snow. Silently and unobserved he alighted on the soiled canvas, his beady eyes bright with confidence as he inspected it. But there was no food in sight. That, however, was not particularly disappointing. Whisky-jack knew the manner of humans. Once the man had a fire started, the pack would be opened, and food would be forthcoming. Patiently, then, the jay flew up to a nearby limb, and sat there waiting with vast assurance.

Nor was he alarmed when the man, gathering an armful of chips, turned and came toward him. There was no fear in the bird's manner as the man caught sight of him, stopped stark, then, dropping the wood, pulled a worn blue gun from beneath his parka.

Still hopefully, Whisky-jack waited. Slowly the gun lifted, its muzzle wobbling unsteadily. Whisky-jack saw the round circle of the gaping barrel as though in mild curiosity, from a distance of not more than twenty feet.

Then, abruptly, the sepulchral silence was shattered by a jarring report, and a thousand echoes

(Continued on page 38)

Giving way to the gusty rage which swept him, he hurled the six-shooter straight at the chattering creature which seemed to possess an uncanny knack of evading lead successfully



Barn-yards Gone

California Farms that Look

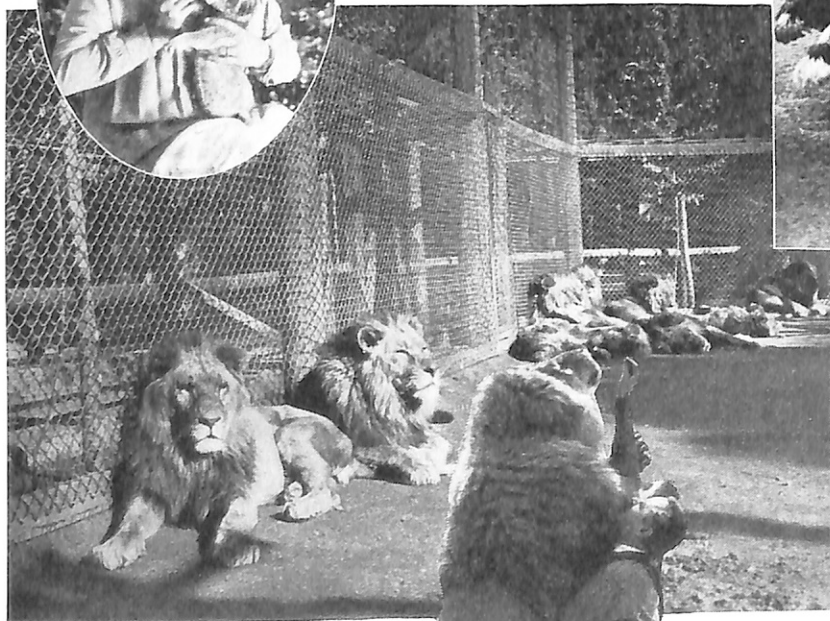
by Jack O'Donnell



Above: Sally Rand, internationally famous fan dancer, did much to bring ostrich plumes back into popularity. The Cawston Farm has been flooded with orders of late



Left and Below: In the desert near San Jacinto nestles the Cawston Ostrich Farm. It did a thriving business in plumes prior to the World War, when women's ideas in dress underwent a marked change toward simplicity. Then, along came Mae West and Sally Rand!



Above and Right: The intrepid Mr. Gay, of El Monte, raises lions in his own back yard. With Mrs. Gay to help out with the cubs, he has supplied hundreds of fine specimens to movies, zoos and circuses



ONE afternoon several years ago a lone fisherman, way up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, took a disgusted peek into his game basket and cursed his luck. Then he turned his ire loose on the stream he had been whipping all day long. He was willing to bet six, two and even that that particular stream had never harbored anything that even resembled a mountain trout. He was just beginning to sour on the whole region when he saw another disciple of Izaak Walton bending over a campfire on the bank.

"Another sucker who thinks there's trout in this so-called bubbling brook!" he muttered to himself. Then: "Hello, stranger!" he called. "What luck?"

The stranger looked up. There was a big grin on his tanned face as he answered, "Plenty! I never saw trout so plentiful. I'm just about to cook up a mess—join me?"

The disgruntled one climbed the bank, firmly believing that the man at the fire was Ananias or one of his descendants. As he approached the stranger his eyes opened in astonishment. Stretched out on a patch of cool green grass was as pretty a mess of speckled mountain trout as ever made a man's mouth water.

Haywire

Like Zoos

"Stranger," said the guest, "my name's Hansen—J. G. Hansen—and I've always figured I was just about as good a fisherman as ever came out of South Gate, so I'm kind of stumped to know just how you landed that nice mess of trout while I haven't been able to hook a single one—speckled or otherwise."

"What kind of bait you using?" asked the lucky one.

"Every kind known to man!" declared Hansen.

"Worms?"

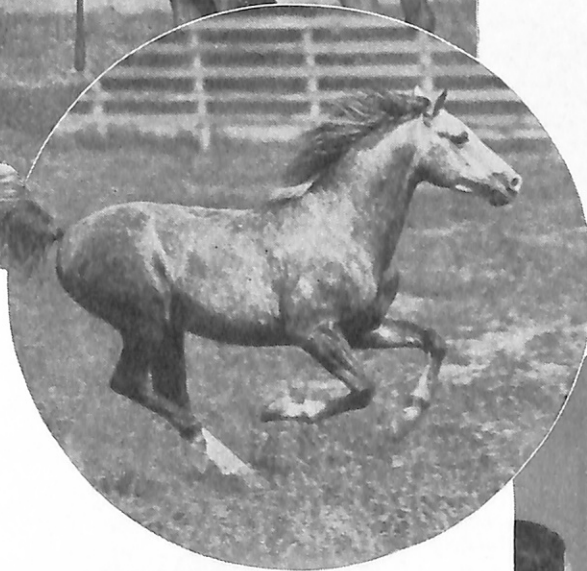
Above: *When an ostrich woos his mate he roars like a lion and performs a dance similar to the "toddle"*



Above: *The curvaceous Mae West literally injected new life into the badly depressed ostrich plume business. So great did the demand become that all of Cawston's ostriches together could not supply the feathers. For the first time in years plumes were imported in great numbers. Today thousands of women's hats, muffs and gowns are trimmed with them*



Above and Right: *The finest of Arabian steeds are raised on the Pomona ranch endowed by W. K. Kellogg. Registered horses have been exported to Hawaii, Mexico, England, Canada, Santo Domingo, Central and South America*



Above and Left: *Another unique California farm is the Carters' Butterfly Park at Roscoe. Collectors from every country send their specimens here for classification, sale or exchange. Live butterflies are bred in the net-enclosed areas behind the building*



"Yes—even worms!"

"Red worms?"

"What y'mean *red* worms?"

"Well, sir, there's all kind of worms but there's only one kind worth a damn when it comes to fishin' trout, and that's the red worm. I brought a half barrel of 'em back with me from the South Seas a month ago."

The stranger turned from his cooking a moment, dug into his bait can and handed Hansen a handful of the red wrigglers. "Here!" he said. "Try these while I get dinner ready!"

Hansen baited his hook, stepped into the stream again and cast.

Bam!

Mr. Trout went after that worm like a hungry wolf after a doe.

Thirty minutes later he returned to camp with a mess of trout that would warm the cockles of any housewife's heart.

Then, as the two fishermen de-

voured their meal, the stranger told Hansen a few things about red worms and trout that the seasoned old veteran of rod and reel had never known.

When Hansen returned to his little farm a short distance from Los Angeles, he took a couple dozen of the red worms with him. Then he began experimenting. He discovered, first of all, that the little limbless animals from the South Seas thrived in the warm soil of Southern California. He found too that they multiplied rapidly. Every other day they will lay eggs if the bedding and temperature are right. From each of these, a few weeks later, are hatched from four to seven baby worms. It takes these babies about twelve months to reach maturity—to achieve that nice fat glossy state in which they have F.A., or fish appeal.

Having fished, man and boy, for more than thirty years, Hansen knew that the common or garden variety of worm wasn't ideal bait for trout fishing. Its life under water was too brief. If it had been a fish he would have said "it couldn't take the gaff." Could the red worm from the South Seas "take it?" He found that it could. These hardy little fellows will squirm and wiggle for hours even after they've been pierced by a hook and dropped overboard. And being red they attract fish quickly.

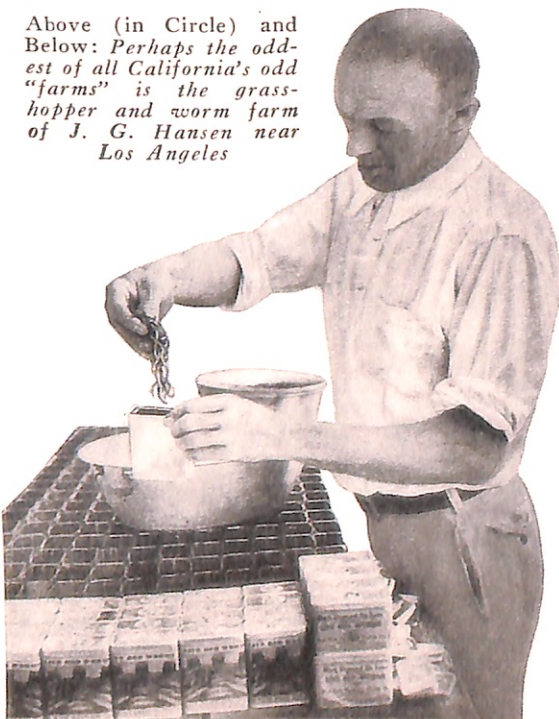
Armed with this knowledge, Hansen set out to cash in on it.

Past experience with angle worms had taught him that it was next to impossible to keep them alive for even a week while on a fishing trip. They had a bad habit of bunching up into a ball and dying.

For three years he experimented with various packing materials. In the end he found a combination of twenty-one ingredients in which the red worm will live, packed in cans, for ninety days or more. He put a few cans on the market. They sold like hot dogs at Coney Island. Fishermen hailed Hansen as the miracle man of the angling world. Orders poured in faster than he could fill them. But still he wasn't getting anywhere. Getting sixty worms into a can by hand was a long, tedious task. It didn't



Above (in Circle) and Below: Perhaps the oddest of all California's odd "farms" is the grasshopper and worm farm of J. G. Hansen near Los Angeles



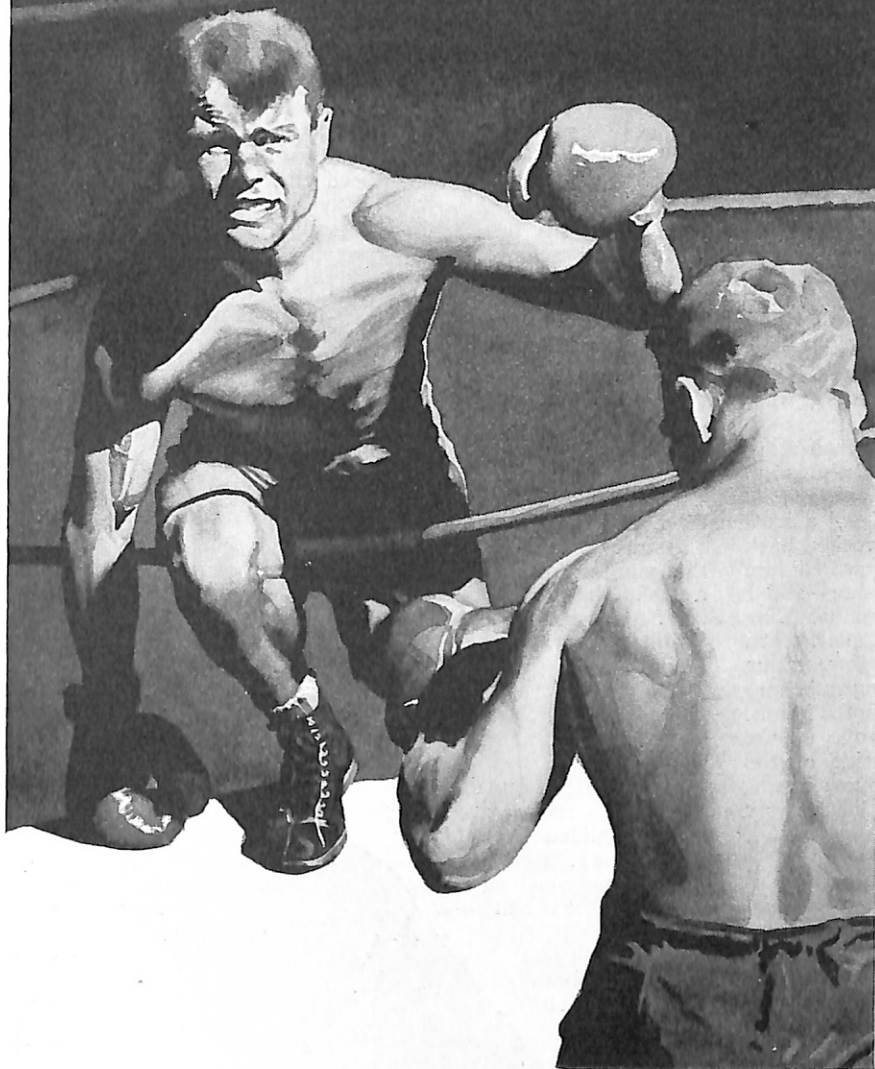
Photos for Pages 12, 13 and 14 by Acme, International, Keystone, Underwood and Underwood and Wide World

Above: F. V. Earnest's ambition to supply the zoos and amusement parks of the country with alligators is responsible for the California Alligator Farm opposite Lincoln Park in Los Angeles. One old saurian has been taught to carry children on his back

pay. Then, one day a Chinaman who had been working for him came to Hansen with a machine which the Oriental declared would count and pack sixty worms of uniform size in a little less than a jiffy!

Hansen gave the machine a trial and, when he found it worked, bought it from the inventor for (Continued on page 34)

Kid Vengeance



by Vic Whitman

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

THE kid stood in front of the desk, his face expressionless, his grey eyes slanting down at Connie Dillon, who sat, hands locked behind his head, cigarette drooping from his colorless lips. He didn't look any too friendly, this kid, but then, few people did upon meeting Dillon. Even I, who had trained his fighters for years, knew little about Dillon save that he always paid me promptly and left most pugilistic decisions to me. His thin, leathery, unsmiling face, his nervous little mannerisms such as tapping constantly on a desk with his fingers or twisting pieces of paper into bits, his questing, roving, never-steady gaze—in combination these things were not conducive to friendliness or complete confidence.

"Why come to me?" he asked.

"I told you why," said the kid. "I want to sign on to

Copyright, 1935, by Vic Whitman

"O yeh?" snarled King. "If you think he's getting away with that, you're crazy!"

fight under you."

Dillon broke the ash from his cigarette with a jerk of his head. Once he started to smoke, he seldom removed a cigarette from his mouth until it had burned perilously close to his lips.

"Yes, but what's your reason? There are plenty other managers you might go to—Rantoul, for instance. Why do you come to me?"

The kid hesitated. "Because you seem to have the knack of getting your fighters up near the top," he said. "That reason enough?"

Connie Dillon smiled thinly. His glance, as it rested briefly upon the boy in front of him, was hard and sardonic.

"No, it isn't," he replied. "For over a year now I haven't had a single fighter willing to work for me. Why? Because I'm rated as a jinx manager." He let this sink in, then said: "Ever hear about Teddy Morris?"

"More or less," said the kid.

"Well, three years ago I got Morris a shot at the lightweight title. By all odds he should have stayed at least ten rounds, because he was a good boy and because the champ was old. What happened? He flopped in the fifth after one of the worst exhibitions I ever saw. Even people who were seeing a fight for the first time could tell that the thing was fixed."

"I saw the fight," said the kid. "It looked pretty bad."

THEN there was the Eddie St. Johns affair two years ago," continued Dillon. "Three hours after Eddie knocked out Tommy Higgins in a match to see who would meet the welterweight champ, Eddie was found out behind a restaurant, dead."

"Yeh," said the kid very softly. "I know."

"Perhaps now you'd like to reconsider," suggested Dillon sardonically.

The kid shook his head.

"I'll take my try-out any time you're ready," he said.

Dillon drummed on his desk with his long fingers, the while looking the kid over, noting the bristly, unruly, sandy hair, the bulge of freckled, square jaw, the sloping shoulders, and the slim race-horse lines of body and leg.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Curran—Jim Curran."

"Middleweight?"

"Yes."

"Any experience?"

"Not professional experience," said the kid. "I've boxed a lot though."

"Who with?"

The kid's eyes held Dillon's.

"With Eddie St. Johns," he said.

There was a brief silence. Dillon shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Go on," he said harshly. "What's the rest of the story?"

"Eddie St. Johns was my pal," said the kid quietly. "Somebody got him when he wouldn't throw that fight. The cops couldn't find out who it was. Maybe I can't either, but I can try."

You may say that he was dumb, that the stupidest thing he could have done in starting out to find the killer of Eddie St. Johns was to tip his hand off to anyone, even to two men who, presumably, were to become his manager and his trainer. That's what I thought, too, at first. Then, looking him over carefully, I got another slant. Maybe he wasn't so dumb; maybe he was only playing dumb, following some plan of his own.

Perhaps Dillon thought the same. Whatever he thought, he let it pass.

"Mmmmm," he said. "Meet my trainer Fritz Benjamin. He'll take you down in the gym and find somebody to box with you."

On the way down the stairs a picture dropped from the kid's pocket as he yanked out his handkerchief. It was a snapshot of a laughing, merry-eyed, blonde girl, and I knew the moment I looked at it that I had seen her somewhere before, in fact had met her.

"You dropped this, Curran," I said, and grinned; "Pretty nice, I'll say."

He looked surprised for a moment, then grinned back at me.

"Yeh, that's what I think," he said, and I knew from that moment that the kid and I were going to be friends.

For a few moments efforts at recollection bothered me, then during the business of arranging a try-out I forgot the picture.

The kid worked out against a boy named King, a fast, hefty youngster who, because of the speed and cleverness of his footwork as well as the wicked power of his punch, was known as the Thunderbolt. King was hailed by all the experts as the coming middleweight champion, in addition to which he was tricky, mean and ornery. That's why I got him to box Curran. If the kid could stay with King even for a few minutes I knew he could stay with most of them.

"Work him hard, King," I whispered. "I want to see what he's got."

The boys came out, touched gloves, and circled each other sparring, King grinning mockingly, the kid silently grim. Suddenly King moved in.

"Watch this one, sweetheart," he taunted, and led a hard left. The kid took it on the cheek, blinked, and rocked back on his heels while the Thunderbolt, pivoting, knocked him back against the ropes with two more hard smashes—and I mean they were really hard—and for the next minute King banged him all over the ring. I was about to stop it, when the kid suddenly got his bearings. With a certain devastating grace he tore into King, chased that amazed young man into a corner, and hammered away at him with both hands. Caught off guard, King tried to cover up, but one of the kid's wild haymakers caught him high on the side of the face and knocked him through the ropes. Of course it was pure luck, but it served to show what the kid had in the way of a punch. King was up instantly, his eyes blazing murder, whereupon I tapped the bell with my pocket knife.

"That'll do," I called.

"O yeh?" snarled King. "If you think he's getting away with that, you're crazy!"

He started to climb back through the ropes. I was just getting set to go after him, when a voice called sharply: "King!" I turned, recognizing Louie Rantoul, millionaire owner of the fight stable to which King belonged. Rantoul was a huge man, big-jowled, blustery, and red-faced—a braggart who seemed to be making good his boast that some day he would own the finest group of fighters from heavyweight to flyweight in the world.

"Get out of there, King!" he roared. "Maybe that'll teach you that you ain't so good as you think you are! Go on, beat it."

He turned to me.

"Whose boy is he?" he demanded, jerking his thumb toward Curran.

"He belongs to Santa Claus," I retorted. I didn't like Rantoul, never had, and never would, and I made no bones about showing my dislike.

Connie Dillon stepped forward.

"He's mine, Rantoul," he said softly. "How do you like him? Pretty good for a novice, isn't he?"

Rantoul sneered, "So you finally got a fighter, did you, Dillon?"

"Yes, I finally did," said Dillon levelly, "and some day he may get in a ring with your Thunderbolt and finish what



Sally Madison

he started today." He raised his hat and bowed as he walked away. Here's looking at you, Rantoul."

A mean glitter came into Rantoul's eyes as he stared after Dillon.

"The damn racketeer!" he spat. "They hadn't ought to allow him back in the game."

"Speaking of racketeers," I murmured, "there may be others around, too."

As Curran's trainer I got to know him as well as anyone could, and I want to say that I never had a more willing, more docile pupil. Not once did he ever question anything I told him to do. Because of this and because he learned rapidly, I brought him along faster than many another boy I had handled in the past, teaching him what his left hand was for, teaching him how to clinch and work in the clinches, and the importance of perfect timing. Then I worked him out daily with sparring partners,

particularly with one Whitey Mace. Whitey was a tow-headed youth with round lynx-like eyes and restless hands, as yellow as a cur when it came to taking a punch or two. But he was fast as lightning and workouts with him taught the kid more about speed than I could have taught him in a year.

He made his debut in a four-round preliminary in Brooklyn against a hairy-chested gorilla named Paddy Smith, who had broken the hearts of many an aspiring young boxer merely through his ability to take everything they had to offer and come back for more. To me that bout was not so significant as what happened just before the opening bell. Dillon came to our corner—something he seldom did—and leaning over to impart some information about Paddy Smith, placed one hand on the kid's arm. Immediately the kid shook off Dillon's hand. It was not at all a gesture of anger, rather it was one that you might have used to dislodge a snake that had suddenly draped itself over your flesh.

Dillon drew back, his face hard.

"So that's the way the wind blows," he said coldly. "Very well, Curran, fight your own fight."

The bell sounded. Somewhat stirred up, the kid glided out of his corner, stepped around the crouching Smith, feinted him out of position, and drove in like a tiger with both hands. Smith

Whitey, his features contorted with fear and passion, tugged frantically at his coat pocket



weaved and wobbled on his feet. With all the poise of a veteran the kid measured him and let drive again, left to the belly, hard-flung right to the jaw. Smith went down like a log, and the kid walked back to his corner without even looking over his shoulder. Could he hit? You tell me.

I was right in assuming that Connie Dillon would not be in the dressing room after what had happened. However Whitey Mace was there, slouched against the rubbing table, legs crossed, hands in pockets.

"Nice work, kid," he said in his thin, colorless voice. "I guess you got what it takes, all right."

The kid grinned.

"Thanks, pal," he said. "Don't forget you had plenty to do with it, too." He slapped Whitey cordially on the back. "Doing anything tonight?"

"Not a thing," said Whitey, surprised.

"Then how about a movie?"

"Sold."

The kid turned to me. "That all right, Fritz?"

"Sure," I said. I didn't care much for Whitey Mace myself, consequently I couldn't understand the kid's friendliness toward him, but if he wanted to pal around with Whitey it was none of my business. "Sure, kid," I said.

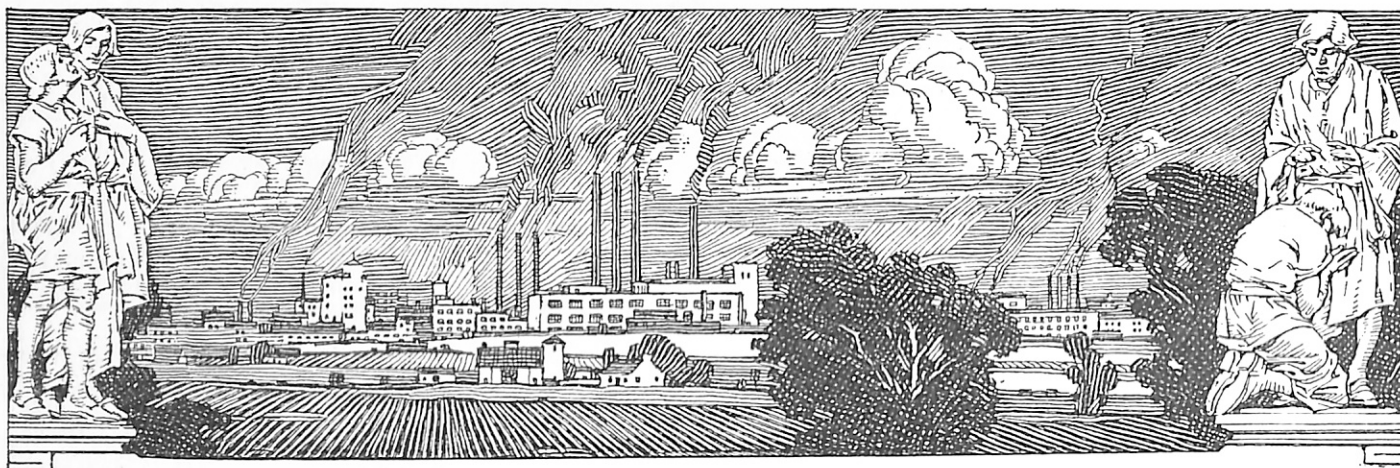
The kid's rise was rapid. In the first place he was a natural born fighter, fast and clever, with dynamite in his punches. In the second place, and best of all, he had brains in his head. From the moment of the first bell to the instant the fight ended, he was constantly studying the other's methods of attack, working carefully, systematically, to solve defense and offense. Then suddenly he would draw the other boy out of position and wham!—the fight would be over.

IN three rounds he took Johnny Deever, the Newark Wildcat; then he put Al Nolan out of the picture in four rounds; and a week later he knocked out Billy Maraschetti, the Pittsburgh slugger, in five wild minutes of fighting. Nothing extraordinary, you may say, but consider the toughness of these three boys, the fact that they were all veterans and yet all in their respective primes, and finally that the kid was a comparative novice, and I think you'll get my point, that he was one in a million.

The sports writers began to take notice of him. One of them even went so far as to compare him with "Thunderbolt" King and hint at the possibility of a match between them sometime in the future. Since that particular writer was under the thumb of Louie Rantoul, I naturally read Rantoul's influence between the lines, his keen business sense combined with his unquestioned ability to forecast sports events that would draw huge gates.

As for King, he was featuring all the fight columns. Always a good fighter, the boy was going great guns, hammering everybody who stepped in front of (Continued on page 41)





EDITORIAL

THE CHOICE IS YOURS

BILL Soliloquizes:

Well, here we are again; starting in on a new year. The going has been pretty hard for some time past; and I am glad we have reached the date on the calendar when it is customary for a fellow to make a little survey of his situation and to catch a fresh grip and begin to fight for real success with renewed determination. And I am going to do that very thing.

I have learned some things during the past year which are going to help me a lot in carrying on during the next. I am, therefore, just that much more experienced and capable. I can make a better job of it.

I see some evidences of betterment in general conditions; and I am going to keep my eyes open for other such signs. They will help me to maintain my own courage and spirits. Besides, some other chap may be watching me and will take his cue from me as to his own attitude. I want to help him, if I can, too.

There is a whole lot left in life for me and those dependent on me. It is up to me to get it for us. Come on, 'Thirty Five! I'm going to give you a real tussle.

Clarence Complains:

Gosh! Here it is New Year again. Another year of my life has gone, and I can't see that I have made any headway at all.

I've worked like a slave all the past year; but I am as deeply in debt as I was at its beginning. What is the use of struggling when everything seems to go wrong?

I don't see any prospect of better times ahead. I can't collect what is due me; but I am flooded with bills from my creditors, who are dunning the life out of me.

I wish New Year had not come, with its reminder that it is but the beginning of another long stretch of worry and fruitless effort, at the end of which I will be just one year older, with my efficiency just that much impaired. I am about ready to quit. This depression has me licked.

I think I will go to bed and try to get some sleep and forget about it all, for a while anyway.

Are you going to be like Bill; and face the New

Year with a stout heart and a glad smile, that will inspire those about you also to renew the fight with a cheerful courage and a purpose to win out?

Or are you going to be a Clarence; and drift into it protestingly; hugging to your heart your self-cultivated discouragement, thus discounting your own chance for progress, while your display of discontent disheartens others?

It is up to you. The choice is yours. But remember, Brother, they call a real Elk "Bill."

LODGE BUILDINGS

EVER since the establishment of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, comment has been recurrently made in these columns upon the tendency of subordinate Lodges to burden themselves unwisely in the erection of Lodge buildings. In view of recent experiences, and of the probability that betterment of conditions will prompt a number of such undertakings in the near future, it is deemed appropriate to sound that warning again.

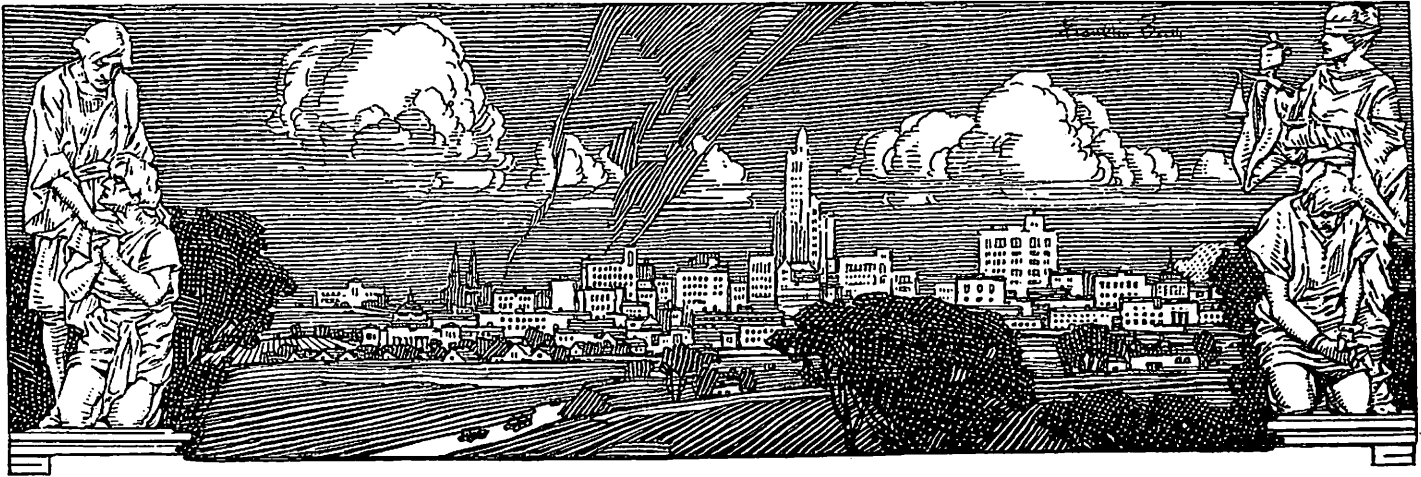
It is true that the Grand Lodge Statutes require that the Grand Trustees and Grand Exalted Ruler must approve such projects, with certain fixed limitations upon them. But the initial plans for any such proposed buildings should be prepared so as to assure such approval.

The present importance of this subject is evidenced by the Annual Report of the Grand Exalted Ruler at Kansas City, in which he said:

"A Lodge of our Order does not exist for the purpose of operating hotels, business blocks or other enterprises that are not essentially requisites to the development of a fraternal spirit among members. Many times officers and members of subordinate Lodges have permitted themselves to become enthused with the ideal of erecting, possessing and operating a magnificent structure, the effect of which, where done, has had a tendency to change the character of a Lodge from one of a fraternal nature to that of a business venture."

A number of fine buildings have been lost to subordinate Lodges because of their yielding to this disposition to make such a display. But, happily, the loss has been merely financial. In every instance there has been a readjustment upon lines more distinctly fraternal and more in keeping with the true purposes of the Order.

The maintenance of adequate quarters for the conduct of its proper activities should be the aim of every



Lodge. Such quarters should be comfortable and convenient; and should be as attractive as available means will justify. But they should not be erected or maintained upon such a scale that the tax upon the membership will necessitate a commercialization of its features, or unduly curtail the Lodge's ability to meet its obligations to its members and to its community as a true benevolent and fraternal organization.

An active Lodge, modestly housed, and promoting its objects with sincerity and enthusiasm, is a much more valuable asset to the Order, and to its community, than one which occupies so expensive an establishment that it exhausts itself in meeting maintenance costs, and is, therefore, unable to carry on the benevolent activities which are naturally expected of it.

A number of Lodges are still struggling with problems growing out of such conditions. It is hoped that these examples will deter others from becoming similarly involved.

INFORMED GOOD CITIZENSHIP

HON. JOHN STEWART BRYAN, in his inaugural address delivered upon his formal installation as President of William and Mary College, stated that the high endeavor of that Institution, under his executive leadership, would be to achieve the "restoration of informed good citizenship to its proper place as the chief avocation of gentlemen."

President Bryan is to be commended for the selection of this chief objective of his administration of the Institution which has played so long and so conspicuous a part in the educational life of our country. And he was quite happy in his phraseology. "Informed good citizenship" is a most significant expression.

There are countless thousands of our citizens whose inherent loyalty and devotion are unquestioned, but whose idea of patriotic service does not include the necessity for an intelligent conception of the purpose of such, nor of the trend that may be influenced by its performance. Patriotic devotion is less valuable if it be blind. Loyalty is less praiseworthy if it be unthinking.

The best citizenship is that whose patriotic sentiments are born of an intelligent appreciation of the principles they espouse; and of a conscious acceptance of the obligations of that citizenship; whose readiness for public service is based upon a clear understanding of its object and purpose; and upon a thoughtful approval thereof. And no more exalted a purpose could actuate any educational institution than that which has been adopted as its chief objective by William and Mary

—to inspire in its students a purpose to adopt as their chief avocation the practice of such informed good citizenship.

The Order of Elks, as a distinctive patriotic organization, may feel a just pride in the fact that in all its patriotic activities it has consistently sought to inspire this high conception of American citizenship, not only in the minds of its own members, but among all those within reach of its influence.

TIME AS A BEAUTICIAN

SOME wag once said: "Father Time is a great healer, but he certainly is a poor beauty doctor." The imputation is obvious. But there is a phase of beauty to which the witticism does not apply.

A professional beautician concerns himself primarily with the human countenance. Apart from the correction of malformations and the removal of surface blemishes, his chief object is to preserve the actual appearance of youth as long as possible, or to simulate it as best it may be done. And this is upon the assumption that youth is itself beauty. Of course, in this mere physical sense, the passing years inevitably do bring about the fading of the transient bloom that is the essential element of that particular sort of beauty.

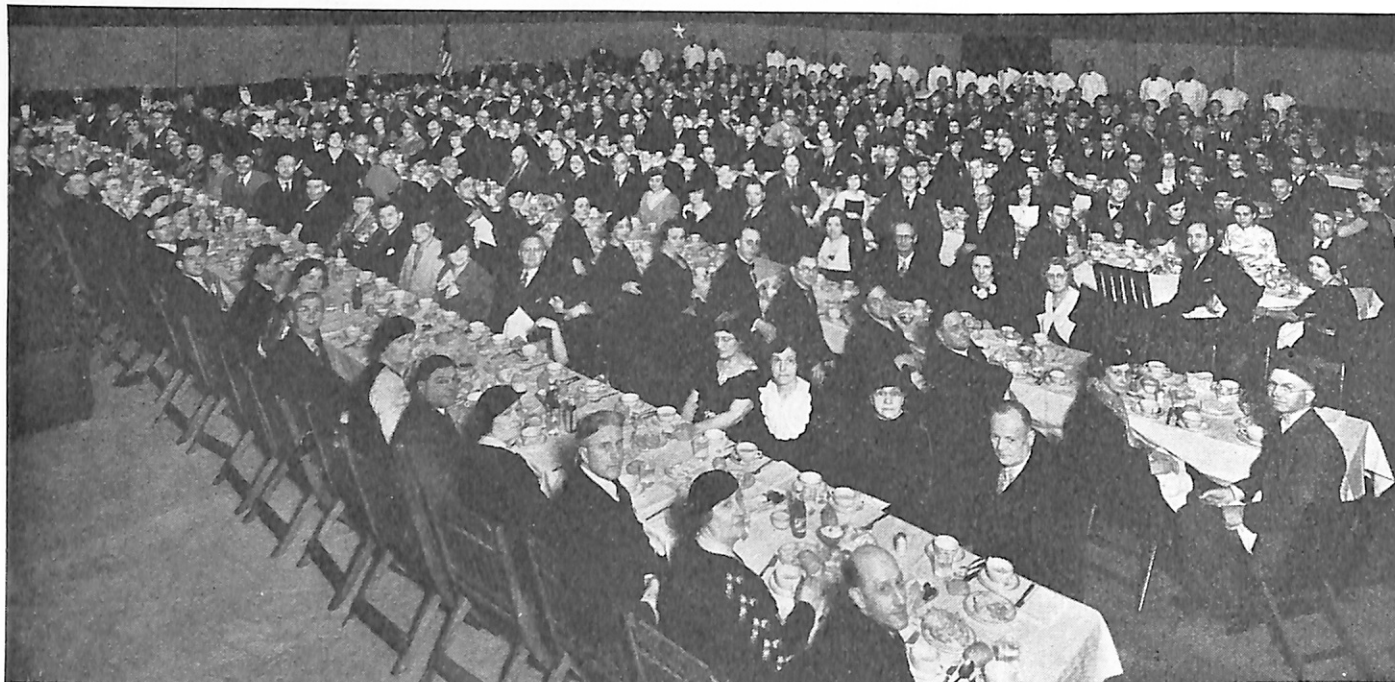
But there is another aspect, in which Time is a real beauty doctor, giving to human faces a beauty which can be produced by no other specialist, however skillful.

The cosmetics which are employed are those fine and uplifting emotions, which set the features to their candid expression. The exercises required are the frequent acts of kindness, which keep the eyes clear and luminous with a look of genuine sympathy and understanding. The massages which Time uses are the varying experiences of life; its sorrows as well as its joys, its pains as well as its comforts. For these sorrows and pains, when endured with patience and fortitude, and these joys and comforts when accepted with gratitude and shared with generosity, etch into the countenance lines which bespeak their origin, and give it serenity and poise and sweetness.

In such manner the face of age takes on a beauty of its own, which radiates a blessing upon all within its circle. It is different, but it has a charm as definite and appealing as that of youth; for it is the physical manifestation of the imperishable beauty of a gentle but courageous soul. And Father Time is the only specialist whose treatments can bring that beauty to its perfection.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



Creswell

Participants at the dinner given by Kansas City, Mo., Lodge in honor of the Gov. Guy B. Park Class of Candidates

Gov. Guy B. Park Class Initiated Into Kansas City, Mo., Lodge

Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, recently initiated a class of candidates as a testimonial to Hon. Guy B. Park, Governor of Missouri. The occasion was the anniversary of the Governor's induction into the Order. Thirty-seven new members were admitted and 17 joined by dimit. Under the leadership of P.E.R. Edgar P. Madorie, Chairman of the Membership Committee, approximately 700 names were added to the Lodge roster for the year ending Nov. 11, 1934. This means an increase of 107%, bringing the total membership close to 1,300.

An Armistice Day banquet was held in celebration of the remarkable activities of the Membership Committee. The members of the Gov. Guy B. Park Class were guests of honor. The banquet was attended by more than 300 members of Kansas City Lodge, and by officers of many neighboring Elk Lodges in Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma.

Upon the invitation of Atchison, Kans., Lodge, No. 647, the degree team of Kansas City Lodge conferred the degree on 37 candidates for No. 647. A cavalcade of more than 50 members escorted the team to Atchison by automobile. The delegation was cordially received and hospitably entertained by the Atchison Elks.

Hugo Roos, Correspondent

Honolulu Lodge Warns Order of Impostor

Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 616, reports that one or two men, giving the names of Ray Chapman and Fred Wilson, have been requesting money from Elk Lodges on the basis of membership in Honolulu Lodge. There are no such names on the rolls of Honolulu Lodge. The two Lodges victimized are Somerville, N. J., Lodge, No. 1068,

and Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62. Other Lodges of the Order are warned to beware.
P.E.R. W. Lederer, Secy.

Get Ready for the Parade—Now!

Start now to build up a parade fund for the purpose of uniforming those of your members who will take part in the Grand Lodge Parade at Columbus, Ohio, next July. This can be done by holding a series of dances, smokers, card parties, etc.

Exalted Rulers are urged to appoint immediately an active Parade Committee, so that they will have plenty of time in which to prepare for this event. Some Lodges have already started "marching clubs" on the basis of weekly payments of nominal sums to cover the cost of uniforms. Get in touch with your local clothiers for the names of uniform manufacturers in your section. Attractive outfits may be purchased for very nominal sums nowadays.

Let's make the Grand Lodge Parade the finest we have ever had. This can be done if every Lodge will see to it that its members represent it as a uniformed group whose appearance and decorum will reflect credit on the Lodge, the State Association and the Grand Lodge.

Dr. Edward J. McCormick,
Grand Esquire

National Home Lodge Holds Services at Bedford, Va.

The Memorial Service held on Sunday, December 2, at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., was one of the finest of its kind ever held there. In the presence of a large gathering, the ceremonies were conducted under the auspices of the National Home Lodge officers with Leander J. Pierson, of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, in the chair of Exalted Ruler.

The opening service was conducted by E.R. Pierson and Esquire George M. Denham, of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. Chaplain Levi W. Hay, of Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge No. 1312, gave the invocation. The Altar Services were performed by the Lodge officers, and the musical portions of the program were ably rendered by soloists and the Choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Roanoke, Va.

A splendid memorial address was delivered by Hinkle C. Hays, of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. In his talk Mr. Hays spoke touchingly of the absent brothers, and explained fully and beautifully his interpretation of the four cardinal principles of the Order. In speaking of America and the Constitution which is our heritage, he vehemently decried the rising tide of Communism. Upon the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. Hays was complimented on his address by those present.

Contributions Requested for Birmingham Elks' Historical Museum

Some 46 years ago D.D. Harry W. English, a charter member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, conceived the idea of establishing an Elks' Historical Museum. Pictures, newspaper and magazine clippings describing important events and past activities, souvenirs of Grand Lodge and State Association Conventions and other important

memorabilia have been collected, until today the Museum stands as a valuable collection, interesting to all members of the Order.

It is the intention of Birmingham Lodge to send the collection to the Grand Lodge Convention at Columbus, O., next July. All Elks are requested to send old pictures, badges, souvenirs, clippings and similar mementos to the Elks' Historical Museum, Birmingham Lodge, B.P.O. Elks, Birmingham, Ala. The officers of the Museum are P.E.R. John W. O'Neill, Pres.; D.D. Harry W. English, Secy., and E.R. Dr. I. Silverman, Manager of Exhibits. Contributions will be carefully framed and prepared for exhibition.

Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge Organizes a Pro-American Society

E.R. A. Van Gorkom, of Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, No. 1531, recently held a meeting of representatives of the various civic and patriotic organizations of the community at the Home of the Lodge and laid the foundations for an extensive Americanism program. F. C. Harbour was appointed Chairman of the Committee which will elect a delegate from each town or community, who in turn will select a representative to act on the Executive Committee.

The organization will investigate schools, colleges and public libraries for evidences of radical propaganda. In the event that such evidence is found the organization will report to the proper authorities and do everything possible to assist in stamping out the menace of Communism.

John Oelschlaeger, Correspondent

Degree Team of Albany, Ga., Lodge Initiates Fitzgerald Candidates

The crack degree team of Albany, Ga., Lodge, No. 713, winners of the State Ritualistic Contest for the last two years, recently conferred the work of ritual on 20 candidates at Fitzgerald, Ga., Lodge, No. 1036. The class was known as the David Sholtz Class.

David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Grand Lodge, made the principal speech of the evening. He was accompanied to Fitzgerald Lodge by a delegation of Florida Elks. Delegations were also present from the Georgia Lodges of Atlanta, Athens, Savannah, Macon, Douglas and La Grange. A fine barbecue supper was served by Fitzgerald Lodge.

The Albany Degree Team, famous throughout the State, has received many invitations from the Lodges of Georgia to confer the degree on large classes of candidates. The team journeyed to Columbus Lodge not long ago and initiated a class of 35. An oyster roast was enjoyed by the members and visitors.

I. G. Ehrlich, Secy.

D.D. John T. Lyons Visits Bradford, Pa., Lodge

D.D. John T. Lyons, of Sharon, paid his official visit to Bradford, Pa., Lodge, No. 234, a short time ago. A large turnout of members listened appreciatively to the message of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon as relayed by Mr. Lyons.

A pleasing feature of the meeting was the initiation of a candidate—John Morrison Leonard—who was one of the students to receive an honorable mention Scholarship prize from the Elks National Foundation last July. Mr. Leonard, when called upon, expressed his appreciation of the Foundation and stated how deeply he had been impressed by the ritual. After the meeting a social session was held in honor of the District Deputy.

Gus Werthman, Secy.



What They Saw in Russia

Through the generosity of a patriotic member of the Order, the services of two speakers—Brother John E. Waters of Madison, Wis., Lodge, and Mrs. Waters—have been made available *without charge* to subordinate Lodges. Their tour is part of Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon's pro-America program.

During January they will fill speaking engagements in California, Oregon and Washington. They will then proceed Eastward and fill engagements first in the Rocky Mountain and then in the Middle Western areas. From there they will proceed further East, through the North Central and New England States. Their tour, of four to six months' duration, will end in the South.

This interesting couple spent two years in Russia where Brother Waters was employed as a power farming expert by the Soviet. They went there with no preconceived prejudices either for or against Communism. Their talks are simple, unadorned recitals of what they saw and heard in Russia. They were eye witnesses to the breakdown of religion and the disintegration of family life brought about by the Communists.

Notice to Exalted Rulers:

Please advise the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by January 15, 1935, as to whether you desire to book Mr. and Mrs. Waters for your Lodge. These speakers have addressed many civic, social, women's, educational and service club groups with splendid success. All patriotic local organizations should be invited to hear them under your Lodge's sponsorship.



The Detroit News

Top, members of Detroit, Mich., Lodge who attended the presentation of an elk's head to the Lodge. Below, City Controller William J. Curran, donor of the head, "Big Dick," the object of all the fuss, and Irvine J. Unger, E. R. "Big Dick," who died at the advanced age of 21, was an inmate of Belle Isle Zoo

Sandusky, O., Lodge Mourns P.E.R. Schwer

George Alfred Schwer, Past Exalted Ruler of Sandusky, O., Lodge, No. 285, and one of the Lodge's seven surviving charter members, died recently after a long illness. Mr. Schwer was initiated into Sandusky Lodge 40 years ago. He was the father of the incumbent Exalted Ruler, Wilbert G. Schwer.

The funeral was held under the auspices of Erie Commandery No. 23, Knights Templar, of which Mr. Schwer was a Past Eminent Commander. The surviving Past Eminent Commanders were pallbearers. Sandusky Lodge of Elks attended in a body and conducted services at the grave. The Lodge finds Mr. Schwer's loss a severe one. He was active in the affairs of the Order and numbered among his friends many of the prominent Elks of the State. Ohio Elks mourn Mr. Schwer's death as a great loss to the Order at large.

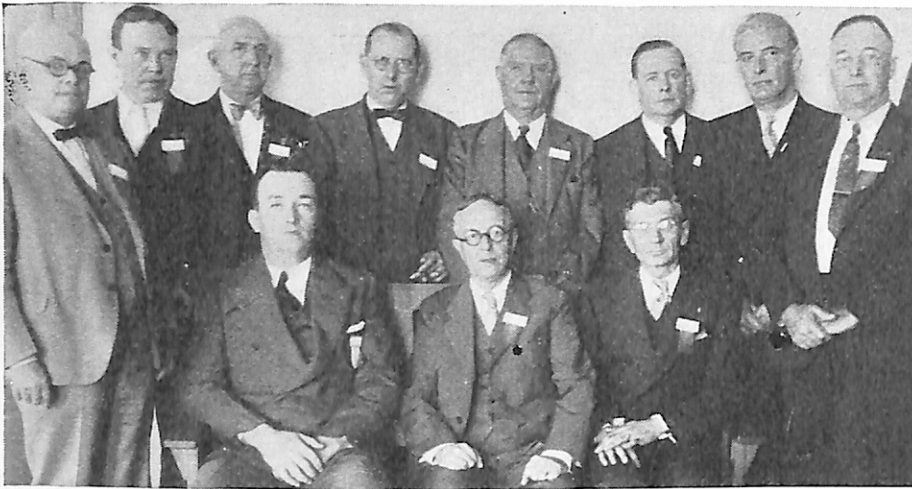
George A. Wagner, Chairman, Publicity Committee

Word from Sturgis, Mich., Lodge

The officers and members of Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381, embarked upon their fall season with such vigor that a winter of profitable and interesting activity is assured. Thanksgiving week saw the Lodge assembled for its annual "Feather Party" and stag, which was preceded by a perch supper. A large number of those present walked away with ducks, chickens and turkeys for their Thanksgiving dinners. D.D. Arthur F. Havens visited the Lodge officially in November, and a fish supper was held in his honor after the inspection.

The first official act of E.R. H. Ted Douglas was to arrange living quarters in the Lodge Home for one of the members who is eighty years old. A room was provided on the third floor, suitably and attractively furnished, and the veteran Elk was installed.

Alfred C. Sleight



A group of the State Officers and backers of the Oklahoma State Elks Association. Standing left to right: Treasurer H. A. P. Smith, W. H. Eyler, D. D., Past Presidents Park Wyatt, H. I. Aston, B. B. Barefoot, Norman Vaughan, who is also Chairman of the State Activities Committee, Ralph K. Robertson, and David Perry, D. D. Seated, left to right, are: State President George M. McLean, retiring President M. W. Brown and First Vice President Louis F. Pfothenhauer. The picture was taken at the recent State Convention

Oklahoma State Elks Assn. Convenes in Shawnee

The 27th Annual Convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association was held in Shawnee last Fall. On the first evening of the reunion a dinner was held at the Aldridge Hotel for the officers, Past Presidents and District Deputies. The meeting was presided over by Pres. M. W. Brown. Past Pres. Ralph K. Robertson was the principal speaker.

On the following morning the Convention was officially opened with a public meeting at the Home of Shawnee Lodge, No. 657. Many interesting addresses were delivered by distinguished Elks in attendance. McAlester, El Reno and Blackwell Lodges competed in the State Ritualistic Contest that afternoon. Though the contest was very close, McAlester Lodge carried off the honors. A ball was held in the evening at the Home of Shawnee Lodge.

On the third day another meeting was called to order by Pres. Brown. D.D. Dave H. Perry led the Elks Pledge, which was followed by an address by Joseph Hamilton of Oklahoma City, Secy. of the Crippled Children's Society of Oklahoma. A resolution was passed endorsing the establishment of a State-owned convalescent home for crippled children.

After a spirited contest, the Convention voted to hold the 1935 meeting in Enid. At the close of the regular business session the following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing 12 months: Pres., George M. McLean, El Reno; 1st Vice-Pres., Louis F. Pfothenhauer, Oklahoma City; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. B. Smith, Sapulpa; 3rd Vice-Pres., C. R. Donnelly, Woodward; Secy., Floyd Brown, Blackwell; Treas., H. A. P. Smith, Shawnee; Tiler, R. C. Kumler, Shawnee, and Trustees, S. G. Bryan, McAlester, and L. A. Browder, Duncan.

*Louis F. Pfothenhauer, 1st Vice-Pres.,
Norman M. Vaughan, Past Pres.*

Charity Minstrels Revived by Des Moines, Ia., Lodge

Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, has revived its Elks Charity Minstrels. The entertainment troupe is composed of more than 50 members. Its first performance was held in one of the local theatres for the purpose of replenishing the Lodge's charity funds and to help meet the cost of the baskets supplied to the needy on Christmas.

John Gibson, D.D.

Word from Manchester, N. H., Lodge

At the Home of Manchester, N. H., Lodge, No. 146, the City Cribbage League is holding its 1934-35 season with 10 teams meeting every Friday night competing for the City championship. The schedule closes April 15. As a special feature of the League two "home and home" matches have been arranged with the neighboring Nashua, N. H., Club. So far the fan attendance has been gratifying, as more than 150 members and guests attend regularly, rooting enthusiastically for their respective teams.

The 12 teams in the League are: The Textile Club, Mexicana, Independents, Cathedral, K. of P., Downtowners, K. of C., Redmen, Eagles, Winonas, Moose and Elks. Besides competing in the City League, the Elks, under the leadership of Howard Bigham—who is also responsible for the City League holding its meets at the local Lodge Home—have organized a cribbage tournament. They contest every Sunday for the silver cup offered by E.R. Fenwick J. Fitzpatrick.

Manchester Lodge held a delightful Hallows'en Party at its Home with about 125 members and guests attending and enjoying the varied program of games, dancing, entertainment and refreshments.

A. J. Dubuc, Correspondent

Antler Lodge Instituted By Sanford, Fla., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon was highly pleased recently to issue a permit for the institution of a Lodge of Antlers to Sanford, Fla., Lodge, No. 1241. Sanford Lodge is to be congratulated on its acquisition of a junior unit.

Camden, N. J., Lodge Dedicates New Home

Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, dedicated its new Home on Saturday, Oct. 6. With a flag-raising ceremony performed by the Elks Patrol, the Home was thrown open for public inspection, while Camden Lodge's prize winning band gave a concert.

Mayor R. R. Stewart made a speech of welcome on behalf of the City, and E.R. the Hon. Frank M. Travalline, Jr., replied, thanking all the participants for their interest. After 6 P.M., the Home was closed to all except Elks, and there followed a program of entertainment, which included the well known Elks Quartet.

The new Lodge room was dedicated with D.D. Dr. Eugene F. Taft, of Freehold Lodge, assisting. The principal speaker of the evening was Judge Frank F. Neutze, a member of Camden Lodge. Much of the credit for the success of the dedication ceremonies is due to Chairman Rud Preisendanz, Jr., of the Dedication Committee, Chairman Frank Fithian, of the New Home Committee, Chairman Charles Glaser of the House Committee, and their associates.

Important Initiatory Meeting Held by Herrin, Ill., Lodge

Herrin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1146, recently initiated a class of 15 candidates. A team of Elks from various neighboring Lodges conferred the degree. The team was headed by P.E.R. Frank P. White of Oak Park Lodge, Executive Secy. of the Crippled Children's Clinic of the Ill. State Elks Assn.

At a dinner preceding the regular meeting, almost 200 Elks, 75 of whom were visitors, sat down to an excellent dinner. After the ceremony of initiation had been performed, interesting talks were given by Judge Frank B. Leonard of Champaign, Pres. of the State Assn.; Mr. White and D.D. V. G. Croessmann of Du Quoin. Mr. White's talk was illustrated with motion pictures and stills of children who have been cared for by the Elks of the State. Members of Herrin Lodge were elated over the success of the meeting and promised E.R. Albert W. Jeffreys their whole-hearted support.

Link Perrine, Secy.

(Continued on page 46)



Members and guests of Leavenworth, Kans., Lodge at a recent party



Niles, Mich., Elks banqueting in the Lodge dining room at the dinner recently given for District Deputy Arthur F. Havens

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central State Lodges

News of Cynthiana, Ky., Lodge

Cynthiana, Ky., Lodge, No. 438, has presented a building to the local Boy Scouts and had it equipped for a club room. The organization, which had almost died out for lack of finances, was given new impetus by the gift. The Lodge has also joined with other organizations in donating funds for the maintenance of a free lunch room for indigent school children. Although the F.E.R.A. provides funds for food, all the local expenses of equipment, cooking and other incidental expenses must be met through donations.

At a recent meeting, a "badger fight" was staged. A delegation of visiting Elks from Lexington, Ky., Lodge, favored Cynthiana Lodge with a call on this night and joined in the fun. At the conclusion of the battle, a collection was taken up for charitable purposes.

W. H. Cason

Gary, Ind., Elk and Moose Lodges Meet Together

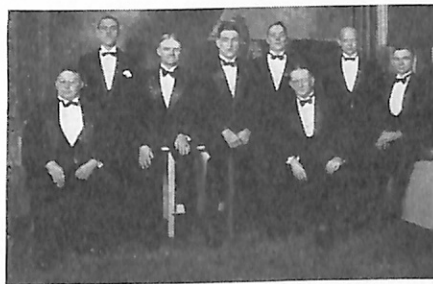
Gary Lodge, No. 783, of the Loyal Order of Moose, was recently entertained by Gary Lodge of Elks, No. 1152, in its newly acquired quarters. About 100 members of the Moose met in a body at their Temple, where Dictator W. J. Baker placed a purple aster in the buttonhole of each member, emblematic of the Order of Elks. At 8 o'clock the delegation left for the Home of Gary Lodge.

This was the first time in the history of these two fraternal units in Gary that they had met in conjunction. Also present at the meeting were the members of the Gary Common Council, who came to the Lodge Home headed by their president, R. E. Rowley.

Among the speakers at the meeting were: Clyde Hunter, Past Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn.; E.R. Joseph B. Kyle of Gary Lodge of Elks; Dictator Baker, Secy. Harry I. Schultz and charter members Floyd E.

Williams and Louis A. Jenkins of the local Moose Lodge, and Commander Robert Riestter of the Gary Post of the American Legion. Chairman William Burke, a Past Dictator of the Moose Lodge, and a member of Gary Lodge of Elks, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

Following the speeches, the Home was thrown open and a committee of Elks worked faithfully to entertain the guests in



The degree team of Martins Ferry, Ohio, Lodge

the way of refreshment and entertainment. Mr. Burke delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast for the Elks and Mr. Baker rendered the Nine O'clock Toast of the Moose. It is hoped that further meetings of this sort can be arranged by the two Lodges in the near future.

Harry I. Schultz

Fort Worth, Tex., Lodge Entertains Newsboys

Once each year for the past 30 years the Elks of Fort Worth, Tex., Lodge, No. 124, have given a dinner for the local newsboys. The 1934 dinner to the newsies was the usual gala event in their lives. For two hours the youngsters stuffed themselves with turkey, listened to music and talk and generally enjoyed themselves. Speaking of the newsies as "youngsters" inclusively is taking

poetic license. Although some of them are as young as seven, there is one who is 84 years of age.

Several excellent speeches were made. P.E.R. Amon G. Carter, Amon G. Carter, Jr., James J. Morrissey, Circulation Manager of the *Fort Worth Press*, and Harold Hough, Circulation Manager of *The Star-Telegram*, were among the speakers. Music was furnished by a one-man band, and several of the newsboys joined in the entertainment. The climax of the day for the guests of honor came when they were sent home with a crisp dollar bill pressed into the hand of each.

Dr. C. H. Robinson, E. R.

News from Deadwood, S. Dak., Lodge

At the Election Smoker held some time ago by Deadwood, S. D., Lodge, No. 508, the program featured a barbecue, with open house held almost all night. Over 200 were present. The election returns were received by direct wire, and several boxing matches and musical selections were sandwiched in.

Previous to the Election Smoker, Deadwood Lodge had held another smoker which brought into the fold a number of new members. On that occasion a crowd of over 200 was kept on its toes enjoying some excellent boxing matches and music. Stage, adagio, acrobatic and tap dancers were also featured on the program.

Deadwood Lodge, situated in a town of 2,500, owns its own Home—a three-story building, the second and third stories of which are used by the Elks for Lodge and club purposes.

Berthald Jacobs, Chairman,
Entertainment Committee;
Charles R. Hayes, E.R.

Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge Sends Word of Activities

Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge, No. 1575, has been holding a Family Party once each month since last June, offering a "pot luck" dinner, and inviting all Elks and their friends. The parties are held at the Lodge Home under the auspices of a committee of five members and their wives for each affair.

The October party was dedicated to the Lodge's oldest member, A. B. Shoemaker, to whom an honorary life membership was presented in appreciation of his long and faithful service. One hundred and twenty-five guests and members attended. The ladies and guests were entertained at cards during the regular Lodge meeting that followed the dinner. Hillsdale Lodge sponsors a series of wrestling matches, one being held each week. Its Bowling Team is also a very active organization.

W. M. Gelzer, E.R.



Manchester

The Elks Glee Club, talented singers all, of Delaware, O., Lodge

On St



Above: Gladys George, Merna Pace and Philip Ober in a scene from "Personal Appearance," a comedy that is proving highly popular on Broadway this season. The play deals with a small town family whose humdrum existence is interrupted by the advent of a Hollywood prima donna. This glamorous lady (Miss George), on tour for personal appearances at movie houses where her feature picture is being shown, all but wrecks a rural romance. She is, incidentally, responsible for the show's most side-splitting lines and situations



Above: The first scene of the musical comedy, "Say Hello to My Little Girl," showing four of the stars—Lillian Harman, Lillian Richman, Lillian Hope Watkins and Bob Hope. Others featured in this highly entertaining production are Cora Witherspoon, and last but not least, the unknown actor, Taylor. Both the dancing and the singing are good, and the comedy is



Above: One of the most amusing of the current comedies is "Page Miss Glory." It deals with the trials of a promoter who wins a feminine beauty contest with a composite photograph of a mythical girl—and then is called upon to produce the girl. Above are Peggy Shannon and James Stewart



Right: From left to right are Victor Moore, William Gaxton and Ethel Merman in the riotous musical hit, "Anything Goes." Another star of the large and luscious cast is Bettina Hall. These and others make big whoopee on board ship

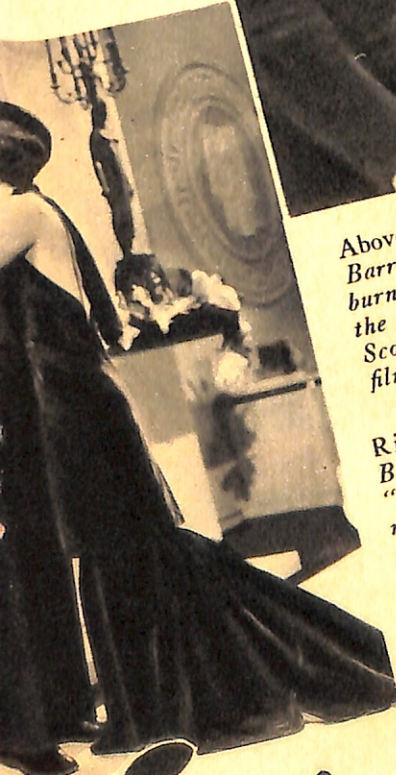


Right: The popular songster, Bing Crosby, with Kitty Carlisle, appearing in "Here Is My Heart." This entertaining movie also enlists the talent of such fine actors as Roland Young, Alison Skipworth and Reginald Owen. The music in the picture is excellent and the singing is even better

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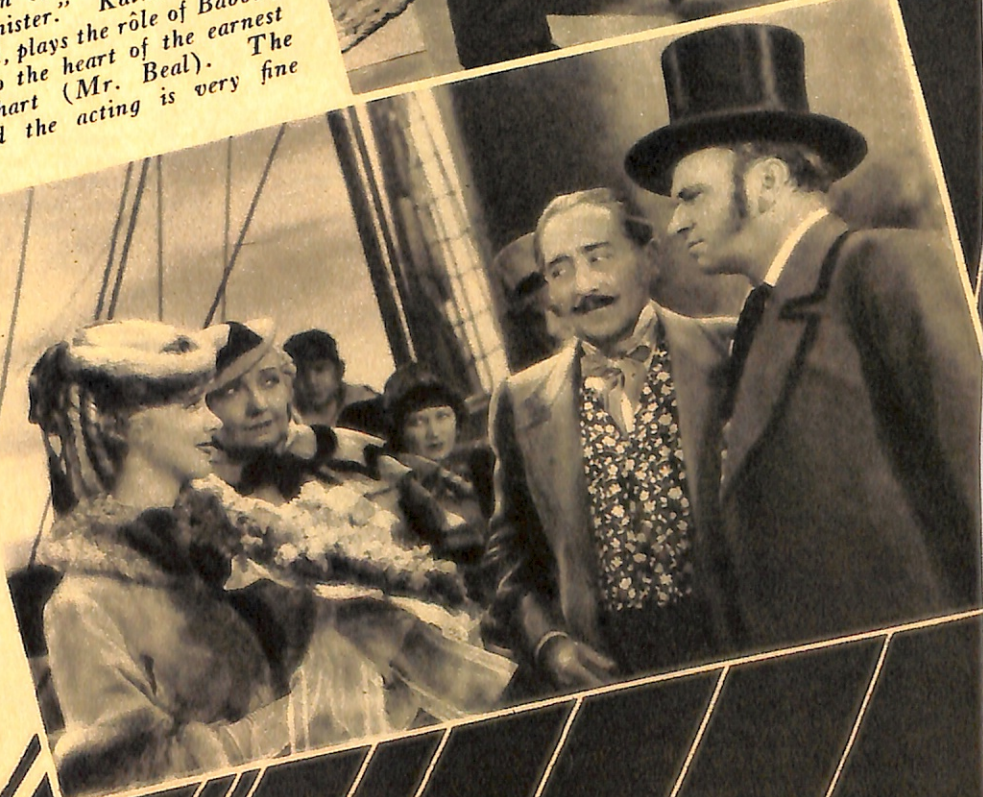
Left: Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in a pleasing romance entitled "Forsaking All Others." Robert Montgomery, Billie Burke and Frances Drake also play leading parts in the show



Above: A scene from the screen version of Sir James Barrie's novel, "The Little Minister." Katharine Hepburn, shown here with John Beal, plays the rôle of Babbie, the girl who wins her way into the heart of the earnest Scotch preacher, Gavin Dishart (Mr. Beal). The film is a delightful one and the acting is very fine



Right: Wallace Beery, starring in "The Mighty Barnum," with Virginia Bruce and Adolphe Menjou. This fine picture is based on the life of the famous showman, P. T. Barnum



Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors



Above: Abe Scharff of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge with a 2000-lb. shark caught near Biloxi, Miss., in August of this year. This is one of the largest specimens ever taken in the Mexican Gulf waters

Below: C. J. Zettel of Alexandria, Ind., with a mixed catch of pike, blue gills and calico bass, taken at Hardwood Lake near West Branch, Michigan. These remarkably fine fish were taken on light tackle with artificial bait

Below: Otis Hendrickson, H. J. Scanlon, Dr. D. L. Haley and D. J. Kelley with 108 lbs. of true Seneca Lake trout taken from the Lake just in front of the Club House. You would never be able to convince these gentlemen that the Seneca Lake trout is not the gamest fish that swims

Right: E. C. Robinson of Youngstown, Ohio, is an ardent fisherman who makes an annual pilgrimage to Rice Lake, Ontario, in pursuit of muskie. That his efforts are not in vain is shown by the 41-inch, 20-lb. beauty he caught on his recent trip. It was taken on light tackle



Left: J. B. Kester of Grand Junction, Colo., with a catch of rainbow trout taken on the White River about an hour's drive from Grand Junction. The fish were caught on a Colorado spinner and with a number eight Royal Coachman fly

Right: Harry Levy of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, with a catch of wall-eyed pike taken on Lac Vieux Desert, Land-o'-Lakes, Wis. A great many members of Chicago Lodge are now invading the Land-o'-Lakes region for their week-end fishing trips—with considerable success



Right: E. W. Roberts of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge celebrated his 70th birthday by making an unusual catch of sea bass off the Coast of Florida. He climaxed the day by hooking and landing the 70-lb. shark also shown in the picture





The picture above proves conclusively that goose shooting conditions in the dim and distant past left nothing to be desired. The picture was taken from the archives of P.D.D. A. I. Myers who piloted the party a distance of over 250 miles to Grain Camp in the Idaho wilds for this most successful hunting trip



To give you an idea of how old this picture is, the young lady is now Physical Education Instructor of the Boise High School. The bag represented the limit on geese in those days. Left to right: J. J. Rae, E. A. Wheeler, Jeanne Myers, C. J. Westcott, A. I. Myers, J. R. Thorne and F. M. Cole of Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge



Above: William Faylor, Ira Yaeger, Harry Shettler and Frank Shires spent the first week of November in Okanogon County, Eastern Washington, at the opening of the pheasant and deer season. After supplying the larder with pheasant, they went after deer with the results shown above. The total weight of deer killed was 792 lbs. All are members of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge

Left: Roscoe Roberts of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, with a bag of pheasant and quail killed on the opening day of the season. Mr. Roberts is Secretary of Bristol Lodge of the Order of Moose

Right: ELKDOM OUTDOORS has tried to find out the names of the Elk sportsmen shown with this very fine deer. The photo came from Oregon, but no other information is available. Will some reader please help us to identify these men



Left: The two black tailed deer shown on the fenders evidently were more important to O. A. Ash and Kelly Canler of Douglas, Ariz.—who killed them—than were the photographs of the successful hunters themselves

Right: W. M. Cady astride his New Deal transportation, prepared for a deer hunt in the Clearwater area. A red headgear on the mule prevented other hunters from mistaking this faithful animal for a deer



ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP



HUNDREDS PARTICIPATING! HUNDREDS MISSING!

EMERGENCY!

(Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301 Reported the Act from Which This Story Is Written)

HAVE YOU ever faced SUDDEN emergency threatening life or death for yourself or a loved one—without any idea where to turn for help? Then you know the feeling of desperation.

There are many American families who have always been independent, who today are faced with the stark reality of unemployment and the subsequent disintegration of family stability—yet who cannot become reconciled to the idea of applying for public aid. While the health of these families remains near normal, it is quite probable that they may endure serious privation and even want, with quiet pride. But their silent endurance becomes heart-breaking when tragedy enters—for they have established no avenue of aid that can serve them in an EMERGENCY.

In the town of Lorain, Ohio, a boy's life hung in the balance—a fourteen-year-old lad in just such an American family. He was the first-born son—and there were four younger sisters and brothers who loved him. There had been a good home, with the father earning steadily for his wife and family—but he had had no employment for two years. There had been health and happy times which these two years of malnutrition and mental worry had undermined—and the price this boy paid was *double mastoiditis*, serious at any age under the most favorable conditions, but almost certainly fatal to this lad with his depleted vitality. THIS family knew the feeling of desperation!

For fifteen years Elks Lodge No. 1301 had been coöperating in relief work with the Salvation Army of Lorain, and the Army—through a worker—learned of the crisis in this family life. Within an hour an SOS went out to the Elks—a lad's LIFE was at stake!—and the Elks rushed to meet the emergency! The twenty-four hours following the call were packed with drama. A surgeon must be found who would undertake the hazardous operation *without thought of remuneration*, and a member of the Lodge offered his experienced services. The family, sensing the spirit of understanding and fellowship back of this Act of Friendship, gratefully consented to place their boy in the surgeon's care.

One operation—and the lad still lived. But the hope of the surgeon that the second mastoid would drain without further surgical procedure did not come true. Four days later there had to be a second operation—more delicate than the first—and the surgeon again gave his trained skill to give this boy his slender chance for life. He lived—and Lodge No. 1301 was happier than it had ever thought it possible to be over another's happiness! IN ONE SHORT WEEK *seven hundred Elks* had alternately hoped—rejoiced—despaired—and exulted—with a lad they had never seen.

And when they were assured that he was quite out of danger—a delegation of ten Brother Elks bundled him up and carried him off to the Lodge Rooms to meet his other EMERGENCY Fathers. It was a night the boy will never forget, though he live to be the father of many sons himself. For the bond of life itself bound them all together.

The members of Lorain Lodge candidly admit that they have "little of this world's goods"—yet they have created for themselves *real* wealth in the friendship and esteem of their community. They have not put their slender resources into a structural home—but into the hearts of the many whom they have befriended they have built a home far more fitting for the Spirit of Elkdom. This home, built on eternal foundations, will survive forever!

A TALE of a TUB

(Again a Report of Wichita Falls, Texas, Lodge No. 1105 Arrested the Attention of the Committee)

A YOUNG woman with stooped shoulders and care-worn face answered the door-bell. A few moments later she was seated opposite a kindly gentleman whom she had known but casually among her townspeople, plainly perplexed as to what errand could possibly have brought him to her tiny home. The man's eyes were quietly noting the spotless cleanliness of the two shabby rooms, as his hands stroked the curly heads of two baby girls who crowded excitedly about his knees.

He had known that there was no father in this family—that the little mother had been deserted shortly after the birth of the youngest child. He had known that there had been an intense struggle for livelihood and that, despite her education and background of culture, this still young woman had been forced to toil long hours over a wash-tub to provide the merest necessities of life for herself and babies.

But what he had not understood until today was why there had been no call from her for help—no appeal to the various agencies which were aiding many in far less stringent circumstances. Now the answer lay revealed in her eyes, where pride, determination and an indomitable spirit looked out at him. It was in her voice as she reluctantly answered his friendly inquiries about her possible needs:

"—all that you could do for me, really," she was saying, "is to help me secure more customers. I would appreciate that."

"More customers?" he heard himself answer, with a mental note of wonder as to whether she was not trying her strength too far. "That should not be hard. If you are sure you are able."

"Oh, I don't mind the washing," was the quick reply. "But it doesn't seem to me there will be enough hours in the day to do any more than you are doing now."

"But there are nights, you know. And, after a while, with the extra I could earn at night, I could buy a second-hand washing machine. Then I could do it all in the daytime! I know where I could buy it," she added wistfully.

Her courageous desire for independence was a challenge to this man in whose ears had run for more than three years the bitter refrain of "no work to be found." The friendliness back of his errand was in his voice as he answered:

"Wouldn't you let US buy that washing machine for you?" Then, sensing her instinctive withdrawal, "You see, the Elks Lodge would like to make an investment in your future. Call it that, if you wish. And an investment in these little girls!"

The mother's eyes rested upon her three- and four-year-old daughters for a long moment. She seemed to be looking far ahead.

"Yes—" she said slowly. "With that tub I could feel more certain about their education. And we three would never forget your kindness."

* * * * *

But there are tubs—and there are TUBS! When Lodge No. 1105 of Wichita Falls, Texas, undertook to write the Tale of a Tub into their annals they decided that nothing short of a BRAND NEW washing machine was worthy. For they believed that "a tub full of prevention" was worth more than "a budget full of relief." Today that machine is doing its full part to secure the independence of one little family. The Lodge is justly proud of its "investment," for—

B. P. O. E. likes to 'elp them as 'ELPS 'EMSELVES!

Stories by
HOLCOMB HOLLISTER

HOW the OTHER HALF—

(Rock Hill, South Carolina, Lodge No. 1318 Makes a Report That Is Meritorious Indeed)

"IT isn't as though we were a big city—with a lot of tenements." "Heck, no. Why, that house is within a stone's throw of the City Hall; why, it's city property!"

"Yeah—it's kind of a hard blow to our civic pride, isn't it? We've got all the trimmings but it seems as though we have some bad foundations."

"Come to consider it, what do we men really know about how the mill-hands live? Nothing! We've just supposed the mills looked after 'em."

"Well, one little boy would have been alive today if we had. Gosh, if we'd only known a month ago! It's hard to think that a child could die for lack of decent nourishment—right here in Rock Hill!"

"Brothers, all we can do now is take this other little chap under our wing. We'll see him through all right, cleft palate or no cleft palate."

"You bet! And not just for this stage in his life, either. He's got a long time ahead—he's only a year old now, didn't you say?"

"Uhuh—and after the operation we'll just keep on. He's got to have an education, and a chance to be more than his parents are. He's a bright little kid."

"I can't get over the fact that this tragedy happened right here under our very noses."

"I'd be willing to wager that there are very few people in any city in this country who *really* know the living conditions of ALL its citizens."

"We'd better make sure that WE know what's happening here from now on."

* * * * *

It was not a large group of men who were discussing their Act of Friendship in Elks Lodge No. 1318, Rock Hill, South Carolina, for their membership had been sadly depleted by the period of stringency. But they were courageous; and the report of the death of a four-year-old boy in their midst *through sheer lack of food* had shocked them. When investigation revealed that the father, mother and two remaining children were trying to live on \$8 a week; that they were housed in a dilapidated wooden shack far from sanitary or weather-proof and defying all efforts at cleanliness; that the father was an industrious worker when his job in the mill permitted; and that the baby in the family suffered from a cleft palate—then the Rock Hill Elks decided to take a hand in the game!

And today the bright baby boy is under treatment to correct his cleft palate, the father's job is assured, food is once more sufficiently plentiful for adults and little folks, and one more family in this great country is rediscovering self-respect through normal conditions of living.

* * * * *

But what the Rock Hill Elks discovered about this family in their City and what they are doing and will continue to do to alleviate bad present and future conditions for them is not only a splendid Act of Friendship to the individuals concerned but a source of happiness to the Elks of Rock Hill.

It is also a service to the City in which they live. And the Elks of Rock Hill are more concerned over the fact that, through their search to fulfill their Act of Friendship, they have discovered that we cannot delegate our obligations to our fellow-citizens or any group of people—however efficient—and call our conscience clear. They have discovered that it requires vigilance on the part of ALL thinking people ALL the time to prevent tragedies or near-tragedies in the lives of the people we so glibly term "The Other Half"—yet whose lives are so closely linked with our own. Rock Hill Elks mean to know how *both* halves live from this time on!

ONE ACT OF FRIENDSHIP BY ALL MEMBERS!

Week by week the number of Lodges reporting Acts of Friendship increases. Those Lodges that report regularly are experiencing a thrill of satisfaction. There is evidence from all sections that the spirit

of the plan is catching and that each Lodge which becomes a link of Friendship sets an example that others soon follow. The map shows how generally the Lodges have responded, following closely the distribu-

tion of population and Elk Lodges. Some Exalted Rulers have as yet made only one or two reports. Some started and have not continued. Others have not missed a week and now have reported up to ten.

IN EACH LODGE EVERY MEETING NIGHT!

The Devil's Calling Card

by Phillips Coles

PLAYING cards," roared Saint Bernard of Sienna, "are an invention of the Devil!" And immediately the price of playing cards shot up, and they spread like wildfire over three continents.

That was in 1423.

Just how and when and where these temptations of the Evil One first originated are facts no one will ever really know. Some authorities declare that the Crusaders, who in the Fourteenth Century were engaged in making life miserable for the Saracens, brought cards back with them from the Holy Land. Certainly the first documentary references to playing cards are dated 1375, which is about the right time.

Another school of thought swears that the Gypsies, who at the time were commencing to gyp most of Europe, brought playing cards to aid them in the process. And still other authorities don't mind telling us that the Chinese, the Japanese, the Persians, the Hindus and the Hebrews all and separately invented cards. It seems, consequently, much the simplest plan to overlook the actual natal details, and just take it for granted that playing cards began somewhere in the Orient.

In Europe cards first cropped up in Italy, where a game called Tarots became popular. Tarots called for a deck of cards containing either sixty-five, seventy-eight, or ninety-seven cards of four suits. At it much money could be won or lost—and was.

Almost immediately upon the appearance of playing cards in Italy, the Spanish heard about how the Italians were discovering much new fun, and Tarots became the rage in Spain. The Spanish copied the Italian cards, improving on them a little, and thus the Devil gained another foot-hold on the Continent. From Spain playing cards rapidly spread to the Germanic nations, to France, and eventually to England. By this time the Devil had a mortgage on most of Europe.

The actual playing cards themselves were similar in all the nations. All the known decks of cards were divided into four "suits"—a word probably derived from the French *suite*, meaning a succession. From these six-hundred-year-old cards our present four suits can be plainly traced.

In Italy, where playing cards first bloomed and seeded, the four suits were: Cups (corresponding to our Hearts); Swords (corresponding to our Spades); Money (corresponding to our Diamonds) and Batons (corresponding to our Clubs). The Spanish and German cards were closely allied to these, but it is the French and English cards which are of greatest interest to us.

At the beginning of and during the Fifteenth Century French cards held undisputed sway in Europe. They were imported into England probably about 1410. These Gallic cards were divided into *Cœurs*, the French for Hearts; *Piques*, the French for Pikes, or our Spades; *Carreau*, a paving tile shaped very much like our Diamonds; and *Trefles*, a three-leaved clover shaped similarly to our Clubs. The French cards, and consequently the English, were made of very heavy paper imported from Germany, and the distinctive colors of red and black were universally employed.

In medieval England cards were at first considered far too much fun to be indulged in indiscriminately and rigid restrictions were placed against their use by the lower classes, who were supposed to occupy themselves exclusively with archery practice and raising turnips. Human nature, however, soon asserted itself, and cards began to be bootlegged throughout England. At the Courts of Henry VII and his successor, Henry VIII, playing cards were a favorite pastime, and King Harry, that merry and much-married monarch, lost his shirt more than once, betting incredible sums on the turn of the tickets. During these reigns cards began to enjoy a heyday, and they were turned out with astonishing rapidity.

THE Court cards of that day were costumed in the dress of Henry VII's Court, and they have never been changed in all these five hundred years. The Court cards of 1934 are facsimiles—slightly conventionalized facsimiles, it is true—of those Fifteenth Century cards. That there has never been a determined effort to change the design of the deck of cards, in spite of the millions of packs which have been produced, is perhaps the most remarkable fact in their history. All attempts to improve on the bizarre old court figures have been promptly squelched. Though many innovations have been offered from time to time in the forms of educational, historical and fanciful cards, they have been received only



as novelties reflecting the sentiments, personalities, events and styles of another era. For serious card-playing the unchanging, conventional cards have always been demanded.

Then, as now, the Kings and Knaves were dressed in the period of 1475, with the heavy mantle, the wide gold chains about the neck, the rich embroidery and the profuse ermine (which has gradually come to look like anything but ermine). Our King of Clubs still carries the ball, surmounted with the French *fleur de lys*, and although his left hand has disappeared and the ball appears to float in mid-air, this symbol of rulership still is seen in the card. The Knave of Hearts began, in 1475, by carrying some obscure sort of weapon, which evidently became obsolete. Gradually through the centuries this weapon deteriorated until at last we see it as a limp, wilted leaf in his right hand.

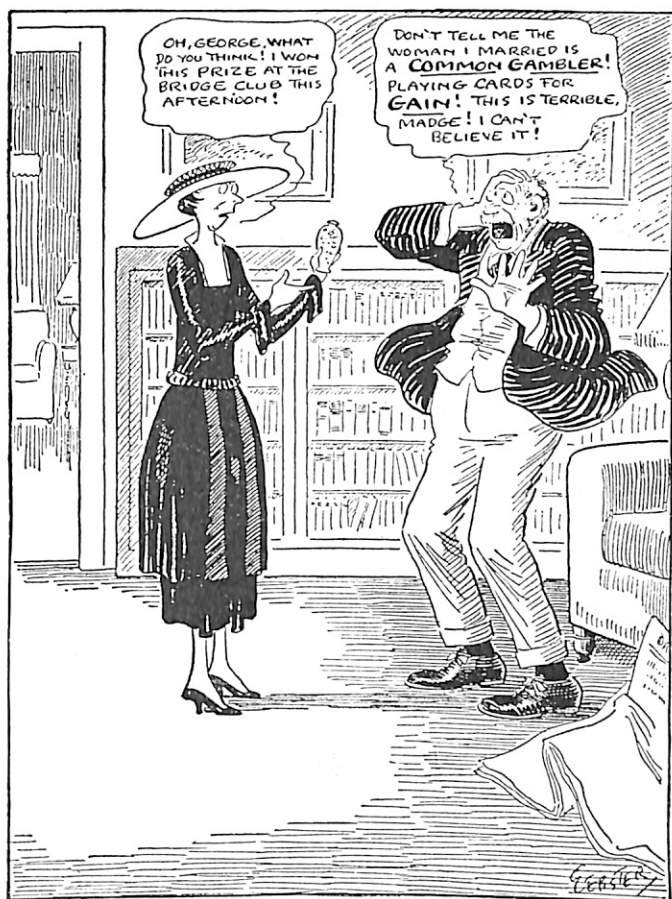
The dress of the Queens is almost a faithful copy of the modes of that day, even to the lappets over the ears worn by the fashion plates of Henry's rather dull Court. In one of the portraits of Elizabeth of York, the startlingly beautiful wife of Henry VII, the original of the dress worn by the cardboard Queen, is painted.

AT first the English cards did not include a Queen in the deck, the Court cards being made up of a King, a Vizir (or power behind the throne) and a Knave. Elizabeth of York, however, was extremely popular, and during her palmy days she was elevated to the throne of Queen Consort in the deck of cards.

As a diplomatic move, Elizabeth of York married Henry Tudor of the House of Lancaster, afterwards Henry VII. By this marriage the warring Houses of York and Lancaster, rival claimants to the throne of England, were united, and thus Elizabeth terminated the Wars of the Roses which had made a shambles of England. In the right hand of the cardboard Elizabeth is held what is meant to be a rose—the symbol of the two Houses.

Joan of Arc was the French Queen on the French decks of cards. As time went on and the costume of the Court cards failed to change, Samuel Rowlands, in 1611, wrote a satire called the "Four Knaves," in which the Knaves plead for a change in the fashion of their attire, which was even then pathetically out-of-date. The term "knave," incidentally, originally meant boy or son. Later it came to mean rogue, or jack. Jack comes from jack-a-napes, or jack-a-naipes, the word *naipes* being the Spanish for cards.

The only major change in the deck that has been accepted in five hundred years was the invention of the double-headed cards to facilitate playing. This was accomplished in the Eighteenth Century by conventionalizing (and yet changing only slightly) the design of the costumes so that they appeared the same when viewed from either end. Another head was simply placed where most people have legs.



Cartoons reproduced through the courtesy of the artist, H. T. Webster; The Press Publishing Co., and Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers of "Webster's Bridge"

As an illustration of the unpopularity of changes in playing cards there is the story of the London card-maker, who before the time of double-headers inadvertently changed the color of the garters on the Knave's legs. Within a week the steward of a popular gambling club returned with the entire order of new cards.

"What on earth," he wanted to know, wiping a perspiring brow, "have you done to these cards? There is something wrong with them."

"Done!" exclaimed the card-maker, startled, "I haven't done anything to them!"

The steward shrugged. "It may seem strange," he declared, "but every member in the club keeps howling that he is losing steadily. They all blame it on the cards, but they don't know why."

Together the two men examined the cards and finally discovered the change in color of the garters. The card-maker was forced to take back all his cards and send the club a new set.

This is as good an illustration of why our Twentieth Century cards are the counterparts of the originals as it is of the intensity of play in the London clubs of the Eighteenth Century, when the change in the color of a Knave's garter would so confuse the gamblers that they could not use the cards. Under the Georges gambling reached its peak in England, and at the various clubs, of which White's was the most famous, the players sat over cards for forty-eight hours at a stretch, and the winning or losing of thirty-thousand pounds at a single sitting was nothing to get into a lather about.

CARDS were at first hand-drawn and painted; later they were stencilled and wood-blocked. Still later, when the demand began to exceed the supply and manufacturers were commanding the most fantastic prices for their handiwork, they were among the first specimens—after the Bible—of the printer's art. They were fairly easy to make, the outline being simply colored and the color being laid on in solid blocks with no attempt at shading. Later cards were wood engraved and copper engraved.

Artistically, the cards of the Sixteenth to Eighteenth centuries are vastly superior to our present machine-made specimens. Even though each of the twelve modern face cards is the prototype of its original down to the very last detail, somehow it has lost the virility and humor of its

early ancestor. Our court cards have become colorless and emasculated through centuries of in-breeding.

Playing cards reached America through no less an immigrant than Christopher Columbus. His sailors, bored with their weeks of virtual inactivity, occupied the long hot days at sea playing cards. Eventually the boundless waters and the contrary winds encountered by the *Santa Maria* frightened Columbus's men, and they decided it was their impious possession of the decks of leather playing cards that had aroused the irritability of their Maker. Panic-stricken, they hurled them into the sea.

Once arrived in the new land they got over their fright, while the tropical days dragged on endlessly. With convenient forgetfulness and considerable ingenuity they fashioned new cards from the leaves of the Copas tree, and with these they whiled away the time, gambling for bananas and cocoanuts. Thus the Devil left his calling card in the Americas.

Another legend tells us that Montezuma, after the conquest of Mexico by the Spanish, became deeply interested in cards. During his tragic and humiliating imprisonment he played card games continuously—probably solitaire. These Spanish cards were soon passed on to the Apaches and other Indians of the Southwest. Indian cards show their derivation from the Spanish at once. They are made of deerskin and are practically imperishable, despite the terrible beatings they must have taken. These Indian cards contain the Spanish suit emblems and are painted in red and blue. They are greatly prized by their owners, who can rarely be induced to show—let alone to part—with their heirlooms.

In those parts of the United States settled originally by victims of religious oppression of one description or another, it would be futile to search for much early evidence of playing cards. They were looked upon as a horror and an abomination by both Puritans and Quakers, and their use was sternly forbidden.

Infractions of the rule were greeted with a ceremony in which the culprit was "publicly whipt with birch switches on the bare breech," a chastisement which, once experienced, effectually discouraged any further desire to fool about with playing cards of any description.

Later, as the population of the Colonies increased with continued settlement by the Dutch and English, public switching died down and society grew more cosmopolitan. Cards were imported on every ship, and soon came into common usage. That they were extremely fashionable in certain localities is shown by the fact that invitations were often inscribed on the backs of playing cards. Several such invitations are still in existence, among them being a couple issued by the famed Lord Jeffrey Amherst, the "Soldier of the King." George Washington was addicted to frequent card playing, though he seldom won or lost much.

IN our early days card making increased rapidly with the growing popularity of such European games as Euchre, Bezique and Piquet. Soon Pope Joan and Brad—the latter game a direct parent of our Poker—became the most popular of American games. As the Nineteenth Century progressed, Poker became the ruling game and it has never lost its hold on America, though never at any time has it been considered as aristocratic or finished a game as Whist or its descendant, Bridge.

Whist became popular in the Nineteenth Century, and in the Eighteen-nineties certain daring and indigent gentlewomen took up teaching Whist (for a consideration, of course) to less daring and less indigent gentlewomen. Before long Whist was being played all over the country. Soon Whist evolved into Bridge Whist, a game which rapidly replaced its parent. Then, in 1907, Bridge Whist, in turn, became the mother of Auction Bridge. That was the beginning.

Auction bridge became an international pastime. Among educated people a game, to be really popular, must combine two elements—chance and skill, with skill predominating. Bridge was a nice blend of the two. Hitherto cards had sold mostly to gamblers but here was a game which appealed to many types of people—the intellectuals among them. In the 1920's bridge experts and card manufacturers awoke to this fact. They went into a huddle for the express purpose of making a conscious appeal to a tremendous and unscratched field. They conceived Contract Bridge, and they inoculated post-war America with it.

Over night there began the most widespread epidemic of card-playing the world has ever known. In this country Contract became virtually a drug—the main recreation of a nation unaccustomed to a new leisurely life. The game whipped over the country

heralded by countless books and magazines, innumerable lectures, motion pictures and the radio. If Auction was an international pastime, Contract became universal. The card makers inundated the country with a flood of playing cards in which one either played or drowned, socially. Henry VII and his Queen Elizabeth swept over the world in such a triumphant march as no king or queen has ever known.

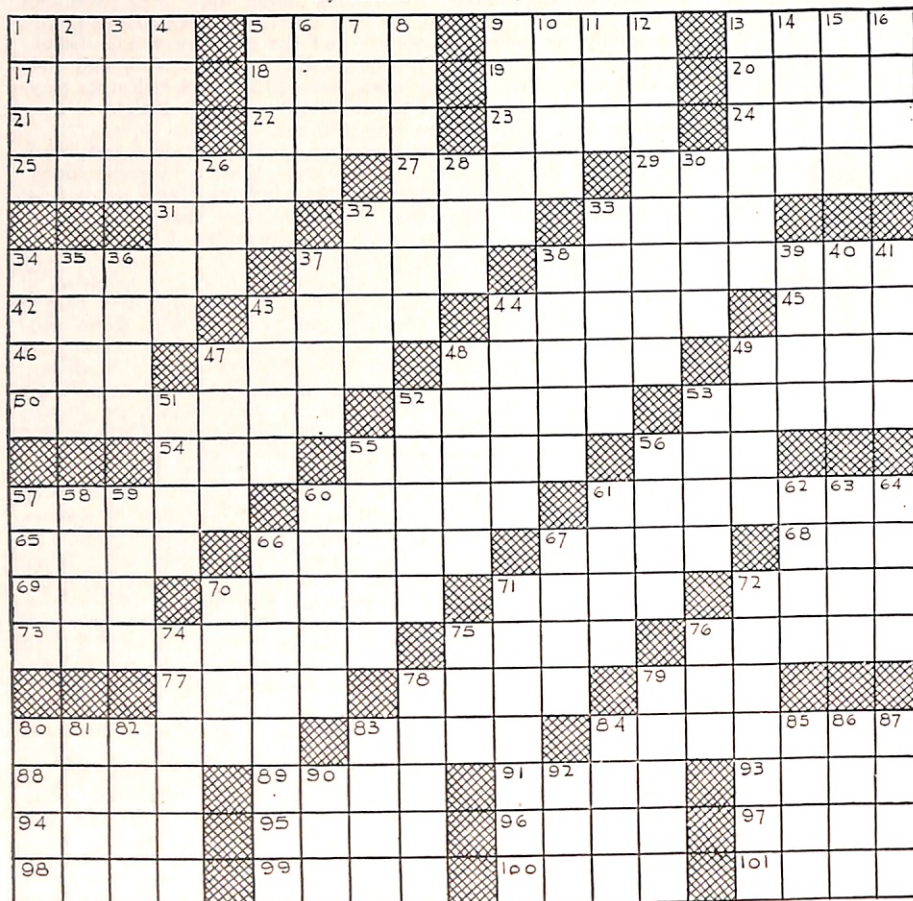
The Devil had a field day.

IN NEXT MONTH'S NUMBER—

a new Card Department will be inaugurated. It will be conducted by George Coffin, author and teacher, who has had a conspicuously successful record as a tournament player.

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



Across

- 1—Bulk
5—Dispatched
9—Boast
13—Sighs convulsively
17—Musical instrument
18—Narrative
19—Fume
20—Scheme
21—Border on
22—The fleur-de-lis
23—Sacred picture or image
24—Bitter herb
25—The first day of May (old style)
27—Corn meal bread
29—Roving
31—Lighted
32—A caprice or crotchet
33—Metal-bearing rocks
34—Unimpassioned
37—Judicious
38—Objections
42—Old
43—Climbing shoot of a plant
44—The hundred-headed giant who killed Hermes
45—Member of a native tribe of Siam
46—Born
47—Languish
48—Otherwise called
49—Theme
50—Stops

52—Smooths with beak

53—A strainer or sieve

54—Preceded

55—Couples

56—Tree juice

57—Blanched

60—Symbol denoting an omission

61—Enlarge

65—A duelling sword

66—Schisms

67—A diving bird

68—Fish eggs

69—Even (poetic use)

70—Thaws

71—Pile

72—Promise to pay

73—Keeps from harm

75—Bring up

76—Glutted

77—God of love

78—Desolation

79—A little island

80—Rubber

83—A legal claim

84—Convinces

88—Sudden puff of wind

89—Act

91—Lubricants

93—An assumed part

94—Merriment

95—Bird of prey

96—Impel

97—The eastern end of a church

98—Cauterize

99—Wild animal

100—Oceans

101—To look amorously

Down

- 1—Land where Moses was buried
2—The head of a French Monastery
3—Disembodied spirit
4—Paid
5—An allowance
6—To remove the outer coating
7—Yale
8—Scorn
9—Edge
10—Lineage
11—Past
12—Liberal
13—Not dense
14—A wide-mouthed jug
15—Blessing
16—To restore something previously deleted
26—The melody
28—Any person
30—Soaks flax
32—Cows
33—Musical instrument
34—Courage
35—Molding curve
36—A root used in making sugar
37—Gains
38—Works with a lever
39—Stalk
40—Public vehicle
41—Assembles
43—Tie
44—Wide awake
47—Mottled
48—The Ram of the zodiac
49—Measuring device
51—Toward shelter
52—Portions
53—Small mountain lake
55—Trousers
56—Desist
57—Noise made by little chickens
58—One who apes
59—Thin cotton fabric
60—Irishmen, Manxmen, Welshmen, etc.
61—To aspire
62—A little child
63—A sheepfold
64—Attention
66—Registered
67—Thin
70—Nothing but
71—Atrocious
72—Unaffected
74—Canopy over a bed
75—Regret
76—Little girl
78—A horseman or woman
79—Dolts
80—Incites
81—Dominion
82—On the ocean
83—Smooth
84—Seaweed
85—Large cord
86—An addition
87—Prophet
90—Before
92—Anger

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 45.

Barn-yards Gone Haywire

(Continued from page 14)

five hundred dollars. He then branched out on a large scale. In a short time he had eighteen galvanized iron worm beds, each ten by twelve feet, on his two acre place, and was raising enough worms to supply the demand. Today, in the busy season, which extends from April to October, he packs between 30,000 and 40,000 worms a day. These are shipped to all parts of the United States. This year, for the first time, he received orders from China. Although the wrigglers had a long sea voyage, the consignees reported that they arrived in good shape and were proving decidedly attractive to the fish in the Oriental pools.

Hansen jealously guards the real secret of worm raising: the kind of soil used for their culture and shipping. All that the buyer knows about it is that it resembles peat and is damp when received.

WHEN Hansen's worms dig in for the winter he turns his attention to other bait to gladden the disciples of Walton. Like thousands of other inveterate fishermen, Hansen, for years, bemoaned the fact that he was handicapped in his early spring fishing by the lack of attractive bait. He noticed that when the fish were hitting the surface early in the season they didn't seem interested in worms and had only a casual regard for flies.

One early spring day while fishing in a small stream south of Los Angeles, he came upon some boys who were using grasshoppers for bait. He watched them long enough to see that the fish were rising to the 'hoppers with pleasing regularity. Making his way to a nearby field, he managed to capture fourteen of the orthopterous insects, and, returning to the stream, was delighted to find that thirteen of the leapers lured as many fish in less than an hour. On his way home that night Hansen did some hard thinking. If fourteen grasshoppers lured thirteen fish, how many fish would—?

Three weeks later he found a spot on the Mojave desert near Lancaster where grasshoppers ran loose, spitting tobacco juice over the green sage brush. Within another thirty days he had rigged up a machine which at a distance resembled a Roman chariot. It was a wire cage mounted on a sled. On the front was a large concave sheet metal bumper about five feet high. At the bottom of the curved bumper was a narrow slot into which the grasshoppers dropped after being stunned by hitting the sheet metal. The machine was crude but effective. Once it got to moving behind a team of stout mules its highly polished surface proved attractive to the 'hoppers.

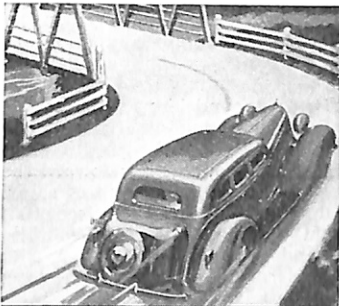
The first day Hansen bagged close to five thousand. When he got these back to his South Gate farm he ended their earthly worries with a liberal dose of chloroform. Being a chemist of sorts, he then mixed up an embalming fluid which preserved the leapers so well that three years later they still "looked natural." Put one on your hand and you'd swear he was about to leap into the next county.

Hansen found a ready market for his new bait. He soon learned that thousands of fishermen knew the value of a 'hopper on the end of a hook—especially when fishing for trout, bass or perch. And when these fishermen learned that they could actually buy the insects neatly done up in cellophane packages—fifty to a package—there was great rejoicing in fishing circles.

(Continued on page 49)

The Miracle ride is here!

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**WORLD'S STEADIEST
CARS ON TURNS**



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THESE brilliant new miracle-ride Studebaker Champions introduce a sensational engineering advancement—Studebaker's own exclusive independent planar wheel suspension . . . decisively ahead of all other types of suspension in comfort, safety and steadiness.

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**TAKE THE STUDEBAKER
"THIRD DEGREE" ROAD TEST**

The Ghost Road

(Continued from page 6)

woman, young and pretty enough to attract a mandarin's son, would have been the first to run away. He glanced at the ex-priest, at the fool, and lastly at the assassin. He said, "What are you waiting for?"

Foo Li Shan mumbled a last line of his ribald song. "I had almost forgotten. To kill. To be killed." The first bullet screamed through a thicket of bamboo, from which every leaf had been stripped for food; several shadowy shapes, forerunners of more, hurried past the temple, flying for the protection of the next line of trenches. "Death," said Foo Li Shan. "I have seen it many times. It is not as bad as you think. The last thing I will do will be to kill you, and so I am certain of heaven. I have made many offerings to the god of murderers. I am an evil man."

Hu'i Feng said, with no bravery in his tone, "I am more evil than you. I have done worse things."

"Neither of us is as bad as the fool," chuckled the assassin. "He has wasted all the years of his life. When he dies, he will become a nothing, a wind, a fog, a puff of air."

THE fool looked at the brandy bottle. "I ran with the bottle when you killed the novice," he said. For his own silly honor he went on, "Besides, neither of you are as bad as you believe. I was starving, and you divided your food with me."

The assassin almost struck him; then he began to laugh. "That was only to keep another fool alive," he said. "I intended no good to come of it . . . there are more of them, running, brothers. We have not long to wait now."

"Perhaps," Shu Po ventured, "you saved my life so I might see a vision before I die."

"Have more brandy," suggested Foo Li Shan, winking at the others. To Lane: "I suppose there is a something you would like before you die? A vision to see? A woman to embrace? A thought to think?"

Lane said quietly: "I ask only that those who might remember will forget . . . even if it is untrue."

Hu'i Feng had slipped to his side; with the death-like manner of the very old, he was instantly asleep.

"He has been a good companion," Foo Li Shan announced, "but there is a little fear left in him. He is not as I. I know only one thing. I kill. You first, white one, and then, as the soldiers come, my old friend. For myself, I will laugh when they torture me."

In sleep, Hu'i Feng said, "It is the sixth prayer hour . . ." He began to snore a little, while Foo Li Shan examined his noose, made from the girdle of the temple's goddess; in sleep he twitched as if dreams troubled him. Even Foo Li Shan's hard head wagged from his constant visits to the brandy bottle. Lane himself was cold as ice, and as sober. Alice . . . let her forget. He had come to the end of the search; he had kept faith, kept his oath; what good had it done him? While I continue to keep this oath unviolated, may it be granted me to enjoy life. No. Let death come quickly. To return, beaten, broken, without his proof, was unthinkable. Alice would never know where the search ended, and in what manner. He was tired, tired to death. There was no more fight in him . . .

Hu'i Feng groaned; Foo Li Shan slipped an arm under the other's neck. . . . While the fool pointed to where a dark mass of men swarmed around the temple, some carrying weapons, others fleeing without thought

of defense, Lane thought of what might have been, and that was more bitter than all. The Chinese fled in silence; already there was the sound of pursuit, the shots, the bolts driven home, the clank of equipment.

It came to Lane that if the Manchus and the Japanese found him, he would be sent back to Shanghai. Broken. Something to be avoided. He touched what was left of Foo Li Shan's ragged sleeve. "It is time," Dr. Lane said.

"So," Foo Li Shan examined the cord. "Good. Turn away, brother. From the look of you, you have come a long way along the ghostly road of trouble. Now I am about to start you on the ghost-road of death. Turn away. It is ill luck if I observe your eyes when you die."

Lane said, "Like this?"

"Like that."

The gaunt white man said, clearly, "Thank you."

He felt Foo Li Shan's cunning old fingers, surgeon's fingers, almost, at his throat, felt the soft cord as the assassin slipped it with loving care around his neck, as once a priest had fastened it about the gilded waist of the bronze goddess of Mercy, the Kuan Yin. He shut his eyes.

The fool was trembling so that he shuddered against the assassin; words suttered from him: "Lords! She comes! A vision!"

Lane stood with aching eyes tight closed. He wanted sleep. A little folding of the hands. As he stood there, he heard a single bell-stroke; a chance shot had set the temple's bell to singing—honnng!—a low, golden moan. . . .

THEN he saw what the fool was seeing. Shu Po was still pointing toward the end of the temple wall, where a bent tree spread its bare, twisted branches over the mound of rocks, over the little basket on its top. Approaching the mound was a hooded figure; in the woman's arms was a child, naked; as the fool mumbled every prayer, his addled head could remember, while the bell hummed, the woman lifted her face, so that Lane could see the pure oval of it, the pools of darkness which were her eyes. If she heard a death-scream break the silence, she gave no sign.

"It is the woman with the girl-brat," grunted Foo Li Shan. "She leaves it to be cared for by the temple . . . what is it to us? Let us get on with our business."

The mother stood beside the baby-tower giving suck to the child, a hand to her breast that the milk might flow freely; the tumult of fighting arose anew, very close now. A man ran into the temple courtyard, another staggered across the opening outside the walls. . . .

"I thought it was a goddess," wailed Shu Po.

Hu'i Feng, waking, groaned. "A fool thinks he sees heaven, and I must be wakened from beautiful dreams—"

"Get up," growled the assassin. "The Manchus are near, eastward. I smell death in the wind. Let us finish the business of the white man, and then hide inside, so we make them as much trouble as possible, and they must search us out."

Flames began to shoot up as fire was started at the far end of the village. A new savage shouting began, to the east, as the flanking Manchus reached Tsi-nan-kou and drove the Chinese back toward the village. There was a lurid light in the sky; sparks flew clear to the eaves of the temple. To the right, as the four men stood together, an escaping soldier leaped to a roof, and,

black against the fiery sky, made a perfect mark. . . .

"Come," pleaded the assassin. "If we do not hurry, oh white man, I will never leave this earth without a final offering made to the god of murders . . . which is to be yourself. Hurry! Or—"

Lane saw the woman stagger; the air was horrible with sound now, with shrieks and yells, with the pattering of machine guns; he saw her stagger, saw the child fall. Then she was on her knees beside it, as the retreating Chinese raced down the long street leading to the temple, while Manchus drove in from the east, cutting off retreat.

MOVING stiffly, Lane strode toward the baby tower. He did not know exactly why; perhaps, exhausted, prepared for death, he was past knowing. The woman, to him, was nothing, the child only another Chinese urchin about to starve. Nor was he drunk. His sight was crystal clear, his head ice. In it whirled that here was a final job to do; perhaps he also hoped that in some miraculous way the girl at home would conjure up the manner in which his life would end; perhaps he had merely become an automaton, a moving mechanism about to continue that work which he had always done.

Shots spattered around him. The woman had fallen face forward now; Lane, beside her, picked up the child and placed a cloth about it with one hand, reaching toward the wicker basket on top of the mound of rocks. The material slid away from the naked, thin body, so that it cascaded over the white man's hand and forearm. A Manchu who had pointed his rifle at him began to stare, and Shu Po, in terrified ecstasy, began to shrill, "A vision!" A spent bullet took him through the heart, and he died with his eyes on glory.

Smoke swirled down, eddying around the baby tower, until the approaching Manchus and the fleeing Chinese could see only one thing: a child, lit by the fires until it seemed to be made of hot gold, cradled in cloth which, falling between the white man's fingers, appeared to be a lotus, a veritable infant goddess of Mercy. Around the child drifted the incense of heaven, and it looked as if lotus and babe were suspended in air. Those few who saw the kneeling man saw also the crimson and silver cord around his neck, such as only deities wear; the cord with which the novice had been strangled, with which Lane was to have been killed.

ON hands and knees, Hu'i Feng crawled toward the baby tower. He had almost reached it when an ignorant hillman, knowing nothing of goddesses, sent a bullet into him. Before he could fall, Foo Li Shan had rushed to him, and the assassin's hands were tender as he tried to stop the flowing blood. Hu'i Feng said, "I die, but I die clean. I have seen! Oh, Foo Li Shan, let me pray for you." His heart was in his voice, and the paid assassin, who had done the greatest crime of all—had tried to save a man from death—listened. They crouched together, hand in hand, while the renegade prayed.

Beside the baby tower, under the twisted tree, Lane was working automatically. He was able to guess accurately at the course of the bullet; instinct told him that here was one of those few cases when an immediate removal of the lead was the woman's one chance. A delay meant death. Minutes meant death. And he had nothing; no operating room, no assistants, no knife. . . .

"Your knife," Lane said to Foo Li Shan.

The old assassin growled. "She is dying. Let her die. Or do you worship some strange devil who demands the lives of women?" Nevertheless he handed Lane a long, thin blade, the steel so keen and bright that it might have been a scalpel from an instrument table. . . .

Slowly the Manchus ringed the baby tower, a solid circle of men. Some pursued the Chinese, who had taken advantage of the curious lull to slip through the temple and away. One sharp-eyed Manchu officer, disturbed but alert, watched closely. The flames swirled higher, brighter.

Lane glanced at the motionless woman. He moved her carefully; her lips formed a word. Yee. A common Chinese name.

Foo Li Shan demanded, "Are you going to save her life with *my* knife? Hai-ee! It has been blessed by the seven devils. If you bring her to her senses again, I will assuredly end in hell. I—"

The woman stirred. "Yee," she said again. "Yee Hong Wi. Let the child be Yee Weng."

"What is all this?" a crisp voice asked, as a higher Manchu officer rode in; sitting on his shaggy horse, he stared down at the child, the wounded woman, the man in tatters who bent over her. "Do we stop because you have never seen a peasant die before?"

Lane did not look up. His hands, both of them, were trembling now. Yee Hong Wi. That was the name of the mandarin's son who had been poisoned. Why should he be astonished, if this were the woman? Hadn't he come to Tsi-nan-kou to find her? Being with child, could she have run away? He said, "You are Suo See?" and the mother nodded. "This is the child of Yee? He"—Lane drew on his understanding of village customs—"he was sending you away because you brought him the ill luck of sickness, and so you gave him poison?"

The woman's eyes opened. "He sickened because of me," she breathed. "So he said. I killed him. For my sin, I die."

"Perhaps," Lane said, in English.

THE trembling was gone from him now. He looked at the knife in his hand; he snapped an order which resulted in a soldier bringing him brandy-bottle and bowl; he had the liquor poured, and ignited; he held the blade above the blue flame until the heat burned down to his fingers. When he lifted the assassin's knife, a big Manchu swore, but his officer, having seen the white man's face, snarled him to silence. A bit of thread from his rags tickled his forearm, and with one motion he ripped off the tattered coat, so that all saw his white body. . . .

The flames roared and crackled, coming nearer. Hu'i prayed, always more weakly, while Foo Li Shan comforted him. The fool lay, dead, smiling. And Lane worked, head clear, eyes shining, hands like forceps. What did he think? Of the fool who had seen his vision? Of the renegade priest, closer to heaven at the time of his dying than ever in life? Of the paid assassin who, instead of killing, hoped futilely that a life might be saved? Or did he think, "Here is the end of the search. If Suo See dies, I am no better off. There is every chance that she will die. No matter what happens, I will be sent back to Shanghai." Was it the girl at home who was in his mind? Once, truly, he formed her name on his lips, as the knife went deeper and he called on his waning store of skill and courage. . . .

A Manchu whistled through his nose, one of the burly soldiers who was holding the unconscious woman's wrist; another watched the sweat trickle down the white man's tanned forearm and himself began to sweat. The Manchu officer had his hands so tightly clenched that the nails of one hand made

(Continued on page 38)



CREAM of KENTUCKY
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whiskey with a flavor so
ripe and rich that folks
describe it as "*double rich*"!
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splendid judges of liquor,
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Cream of Kentucky is a popular-priced straight whiskey. Made in Kentucky by Kentucky distillers.

FOR A REALLY FINE GIN, TRY
SILVER WEDDING GIN

(Continued from page 37)

semi-circles in the palm of the other. The open space outside the temple was packed with men.

PERHAPS they sensed that the white man was engaged in a grimmer battle than with death; perhaps it was only the unusual which held them in such a grip. When Lane at last dropped the knife, they sighed: a long-drawn-out "aaah."

"She will live?" the Manchu demanded. Lane looked up. "There is a chance," he said.

The officer's curiosity broke through his stolid face. "What do you do here, a white man? All missionaries have been ordered away. And who is she? I thought at first that she must be your woman, until I heard what she said."

"You heard?" Lane asked. "How much?" "That she killed a someone named Yee somewhere; that her own name is—let me recall it—Suo See. . ."

Lane said soberly, "Will you remember that? It is important. To me."

"Yes. Provided you are willing to go with a rearward detachment to Shanghai, without argument."

Lane wanted nothing better. He was no longer cold, no longer tired. "You will have the woman cared for? Good. When do you wish me to start?"

The officer grinned, glad to have found a white man of intelligence, whoever he might be. He said, "Remain here in Tsi-nan-kou. We advance; others will follow us. Stay in the temple, oh doctor of great skill, and avoid danger; we do not want to explain a white man's death."

Lane, still naked to the waist, waited until the courtyard emptied; then he looked toward the temple, where the Manchu soldiers had already carried the woman Suo See and the child. Then he looked down at the fool, dead, and at Hu'i Feng, dead also, and at Foo Li Shan, squatting propped against the baby tower. It was not until Lane put a hand to the old man's shoulder that he discovered that the ancient Chinese's heart must have stopped. . . all three were treading the ghost road together.

He thought, "It's funny, death. You can't fight it." Then he glanced at his hands. He said, aloud, "I did. And won." As he walked toward the temple, he began to wonder how long it would be before he reached Shanghai; how long it would be before Alice would receive his cable:

"COMING, LOVE."

Whisky - Jack

(Continued from page 11)

fled madly through the still forest. Before Whisky-jack could so much as blink one jet-bead eye, hot smoke and flame leaped blindly at him.

Jim Drayne was wont to declare that he knew his way around, for there was little of the North he had not seen. Therefore, the disaster which had overtaken him now was almost inexplicable. A greenhorn *chechahco* might get lost, but Drayne was a veteran musher who had forgotten how many times he had watched the ice come and go in the Yukon, the test of a sourdough. Yet, lost he was, and hopelessly. He began to suspect as the reason for it some sinister influence, some occult thing which he did not understand but which, like many a lone-trailer, he had often felt.

For six days now he had been on the trail; he had crossed three frozen rivers, as he knew he should have done, and had kept in sight the bluish, mirage-like peaks of the Endicotts. Then had come the blizzard, and he had not made camp soon enough, lacking a suitable site. He had become confused, turned around, and had wandered. But he found sanctuary at last in the heart of a stand of young spruce, and there, like the wilderness creatures who wait out a storm, he had remained until the wind died and the singing, ice-like particles of snow no longer made his exposed face feel as though it was being scraped with a dull knife.

THE air cleared, and was quiet, but it had grown colder. Drayne looked around for his bearings—and found they were gone. The Endicotts had vanished as though they were, indeed, the magic mountains the older Indians had always declared them to be.

Worse still, there was no more grub in his pack, for he was long overdue at the cache on Quartz Creek, where his partner, Pete Klenert, had left grub. The cache was not more than a three days' mush from the home cabin, and Drayne had not troubled to weigh himself down with what seemed an unnecessary amount of food. But while he had waited in the spruce for the storm to pass, he had eaten heavily, confident that he would not go hungry long. Klenert's directions as to where the cache was located were so explicit that Drayne could scarcely fail to find it. And yet the storm had somehow wiped out his surety of direction. Calmly, then, he faced what he knew to be grim reality.

The only weapon he had was his six-gun. Even a rifle might not have supplied him with food, for at such a season he realized

that he might go for a long time without seeing game. It was by no means improbable that ere many days passed, the wolves would be snarling over his frost-stiffened body.

The thought drew his cold-pinned features into more haggard lines. Queer thoughts began to filter through his brain. For the first time in his life he had an awareness of the awful immensity of this land, the unrelenting bleakness where there is no compromise, and where life endures only by reason of a tenacious refusal to give up. There were moods and rigors of this wilderness which he had scornfully refused to notice, for he had always beaten them. Now, however, he felt his accustomed sturdiness shaken.

THE cold emptiness inside him speedily aroused a frantic anxiety which drove out common sense and resourcefulness from his mind. Still queerer thoughts came to him. "You're jinxed," Pete Klenert had said. Drayne had laughed.

"And when a man is jinxed," Klenert had insisted, no wise rebuffed, "you can't get away from whatever Fate's got in store for you. Fly straight in the face of Providence, and see what happens!"

The first time had been back on the Koot-sinoo. Klenert had returned to camp to find Drayne cleaning his six-shooter with a faded strip of what had been bright-colored cloth with red-and-yellow dots.

"Whar'd you get it?" There was no such cloth in their outfit.

Drayne had pointed to a nearby ridge.

"Old Injun buryin'-place," he explained. "I found this rag on a stick, wavin' in the wind to keep off evil spirits. But, my gun needed cleanin'."

"And so you put a curse on yo'rself," Klenert had reminded him. Klenert, once a squaw-man in earlier days, was steeped in superstition.

"Maybe so," Drayne had agreed. "But a dirty gun that shoots wild and key-holes bullets is a curse, too!"

Six months later, Drayne did worse. He killed a white moose. Patiently, he pointed out that the moose really wasn't white, only a dirty gray. But it was a *tamanawos* moose in the eyes of Pete Klenert; decidedly a *mesatchie* moose. No Indian, unless starving, would have killed it.

"Next thing," Pete warned him, "you'll be killin' a camp-robber."

Drayne nodded, unimpressed.

"You let one of them whisky-jacks steal grub from me, and I'll do just that."

"And when you do," said Klenert ominously, "you'll die within twenty-four hours. The Injuns'll tell you that. Not one of 'em would harm a jay."

"Nor I won't," agreed Drayne, "providin' they don't steal my grub!"

"Wal," replied Klenert with finality, "you keep on, and I'm going to pull out on you!" He meant it. It made Drayne thoughtful, because he recognized the older man's worth. They were ideal partners and should make money the following year. "I don't aim to lose my life over any man's foolishness. You'll pay for what you've done!"

It was odd now how Pete Klenert's words seemed to ring in his head, thought Drayne. Could there be anything in such superstitions? Why was it the Indians believed in them so implicitly? Reason seemed to say that at the root of every legend is the seed of fact.

Then, as the reaction smote him, he laughed. The whole thing was silly! There was an excellent explanation for the fact that he was lost; just as excellent and as irrefutable as the fact that he was probably going to die out here as many a prospector had done before him. Unless, of course, a miracle happened. But he didn't believe in miracles, any more than he did in Pete's superstitions. Curse all such things! Only thing to do was to find the cache; then he'd be all right. Pick up his bearings any time now.

So he floundered on.

It was now so cold that the drifts were crusty, and he had to stop frequently to repair the web of his snowshoes, which were cut as though by thousands of little knives each time he took a step; and yet he left a scarcely-discernible trail. The temperature went lower; thirty, forty, maybe fifty degrees. He had no way of telling. But once when he caught up a handful of snow and pressed it to his lips, sucking it, then spat out the remainder, it fairly crackled and was instantly turned to ice. There was little warmth within him, and he fought off the penetrating chill only by keeping on the move. Let him stop for a minute and chills shook him.

Always he scanned the woods for signs of game. But the wintry forest seemed gripped in some lifeless, magic spell. The silence weighted him down more than did his pack. He wanted to hear something other than the monotonous crunch-crunch of his snowshoes. He even fell to talking to himself, but quit it in sudden fear as he read it for a sign of approaching madness.

No bird or animal track marred the

smooth, deceptive whiteness. Wilderness creatures would not be abroad at such a time—not until their hunger became more than they could endure. The moose were "yarded" in swamps, awaiting the break-up, but although he searched diligently he did not find them. He saw no rabbits. Probably the willow-grouse and ptarmigan were buried beneath the snow, where they had dived to escape the killing cold.

TORTURED by a hunger that had made his head throb at first, but now gave him a feeling of numbness, he stopped at last and quickly got a fire going. He needed hours of sleep, but dared take only a nap, and only after he had piled fuel high on the blaze. When he awoke the hunger pangs had returned. He melted snow, took a few sips of the flat, tasteless water whose warmth stimulated him momentarily, but left him feeling hungrier than before. He went on again, stumbling through the gloom for hours. Again he made camp, to rest and warm himself and drink a little snow-water, but he feared now to fall asleep. Soon he was once more underway.

Now his pauses had become more frequent. The brief Arctic day and the long night meant little to him. A fighting determination kept him on his feet, but that would vanish presently when hope was gone. How long he had been traveling since the blizzard passed, was a matter remotely vague in his mind; and, in the darkness, all directions were the same. By day he could hold to a definite course, but not by night.

And then, as he stopped for the last time and summoned his remaining strength for the task of chipping off wood for his fire, hope flared up again. What of the superstitions in which Pete Klenert implicitly believed? It seemed to Drayne that fate was offering him a few more hours of life.

Dare he kill a whisky-jack? Ordinarily he would have laughed at the question, but desperation had driven him off the path of common sense. His mind groped for subtle answers to hidden things. Maybe there was such a thing as penalty for defying the old beliefs.

STILL, a whisky-jack meant a few mouthfuls of food, enough to sustain him until he could find the cache. He had not given up that expectation. And yet Pete Klenert, with his omens and taboos, had warned him of what would happen if he harmed one of the odd little gray birds who haunted the deep forests. But, even supposing Klenert was right, it meant perhaps a day and a night longer for the dying man. And, there was a challenge which Drayne could not ignore. It would be a last fine gesture to fend off inexorable destiny even for a brief span. Calmly enough, Jim Drayne argued with himself that he wasn't crazy; that his sufferings had not destroyed his sanity.

He had but to decide. There was the whisky-jack, perched on a limb above the canvas pack. The hunger glare intensified in the man's eyes as he drew the gun.

The gray jay sat there complacently as Drayne sought to steady the wavering gun-barrel. There was no instinctive warning from long-vanished ancestors to alarm the bird. Men were not dangerous to whisky-jacks.

But, as the weapon pointing at him spoke thunderously, the bird, in sudden terror, leaped into the air with a harsh yelp, while the powder-laden blast and the air-rush of the heavy bullet swept him from the limb. Yet he was unhurt, and he screamed again as he vanished among the trees; nor heeded the man's curse of disappointment hurled after him.

A minute later, however, and Whisky-jack had returned, his fright forgotten. Ordinarily silent, he now found tongue readily.

(Continued on page 40)



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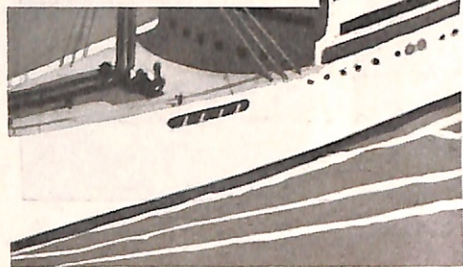
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(Continued from page 39)

With unmusical, rasping cries he seemed to be talking to the man. Again the gun crashed, and again Whisky-jack fled. But soon he was back, more vociferous than ever.

Drayne interpreted the screaming as jeering mockery of his aim. He swore again, and fired rapidly at the fluttering, darting gray bird until the gun-hammer clicked on an empty shell. He had more ammunition, but seemed to have forgotten it for the moment. Giving way to the gusty rage which swept him, he hurled the six-shooter straight at the chattering creature which seemed to possess an uncanny knack of evading lead.

AND—a miracle happened. As a boy, Drayne could throw a stone with astonishing accuracy. Now his shaken nerves apparently could not coordinate hand and eye in directing bullets, but the swing of his right arm was true. The heavy gun, spinning end for end, struck the bird squarely, knocking it into the snow.

For one disbelieving second Drayne stared; then, with a whoop of delight, he sprang forward, hands outstretched. But the snowshoes tripped him and he fell sprawling. As he straightened up, he saw Whisky-jack, apparently revived, fluttering off and croaking vituperously. Life is tenacious in a bird which can survive an Arctic winter.

Scarcely more than dazed, Whisky-jack was swiftly regaining his faculties. He flew to a low-hanging limb, and sat there reproaching the would-be murderer, ruffling his feathers and spreading his wings threateningly. Clearly, Whisky-jack was shocked and angry. And likewise disgusted. For the man-thing did not understand at all, despite his superior intelligence. Drayne, fairly sobbing in his eagerness, drew off the unwieldy snowshoes, recovered his gun, and plunged forward.

BUT as he was about to seize the bird, the latter screamed and flew to another tree. Shouting insanely, Drayne pursued. Again his prey escaped.

Then the man fell back on craft, and sought to stalk the prize. He pretended to be looking not at the jay at all, as he came closer and closer. But the bright eyes of Whisky-jack seemed to see through the ruse, and with a screech of apprehension, he moved farther away. Indeed, it seemed that he broke into raucous laughter as Drayne's feet punched through the crust and he fell.

Never had the man wanted anything so much as he did to lay hands on this feathered tormentor. The urge of his determination kept him going when his muscles should have failed; but he held to it, mouthing threats, falling and getting up again, the corners of his mouth drooping at sight of food that kept just beyond his reach. Maybe three hundred yards he went before strength drained out of him suddenly so that he could only keep upright, weaving uncertainly like a wounded bear. Whisky-jack flew upward and settled himself, with a ribald croak of encouragement.

Sanity came back to the man. All else had failed, but he would remain cool-headed now. Carefully he reloaded the gun, braced his feet apart for better stance, and lined the sights on the fluffy gray body just above him. Whisky-jack was no evil spirit sent to mock him in his last hours; but if it should be so, then he would take this screeching devil with him into eternity.

It was an easy shot. Ordinarily, he would never miss at such range. All he needed now was an instant of calm concentration. His forefinger whitened as he squeezed the trigger gently.

But his eyes would not focus properly. It seemed that he saw a row of whisky-jacks dancing up there. "Hell!" he exclaimed in disgust. He lowered the gun. "That bullet would tear him to pieces. Still, I won't leave

him to eat me when I'm gone! He raised the weapon, thinking he could read the gray jay's mind.

Yet as the sights swept upward, he caught a glimpse of the perch on which the bird sat. It was odd that he had not noticed it before. Out of long experience in the wilds, he tried to fit that which he saw into a familiar picture.

But it would not fit. There was no reason why the limb on which Whisky-jack sat, some fifteen feet above the ground, should be lopped off cleanly, as though—well, as though by an axe.

An axe! What did that signify in his consciousness? His widened eyes searched more diligently. Drayne saw that the tops of four saplings had been drawn together unaccountably, and that axe-cut poles projected through the mass. His heart thumped. That piled-up snow at the top was not wholly snow; it concealed something bulky.

And there, six feet above earth, were the wide tin strips which Pete Klenert had fastened around the tree-trunks to turn the sharp claws of a prowling wolverine minded to get at the precious food stored above in waterproof canvas!

AT Drayne's wild yell of understanding, Whisky-jack was so startled that he fluttered higher. Suspiciously he regarded the man who was now frantically "cooning it" up the nearest supporting pole. But as Drayne reached the top, gasping from the effort, and began tearing off the stout covering, yanking it so that snow flew in all directions, Whisky-jack hopped up and down in mad excitement.

At last the man had understood! At last, indeed, the problem which had puzzled Whisky-jack all winter had been solved! That frozen canvas was armor which his strong beak could not tear, and yet he had succeeded in luring the man to this spot, well knowing in his wise manner that here was an abundance of food, and knowing well, too, that man possessed the strength and cunning to unlock the storehouse and get at the goodness within.

FORGOTTEN were the gunshots, the attempts on his life. Whisky-jack knew men. They meant no harm to gray jays, even though their actions at times were inexplicable. Always man had food. Plenty of it. Not alone for themselves and for Whisky-jack, too, but for the hungry little gray mate impatiently awaiting his return back there in the nest with the eggs which she kept warm with her body. There was nothing more gloriously desirable than food.

In his joyously eager fluttering, Whisky-jack's rounded wings all but fanned the face of the man who, with trembling hands, was drawing forth a slab of bacon. His shrill clamor became maddeningly insistent.

Even Drayne, hunting-knife hacking away at the frozen meat, became aware of him at last. A fragment of smoky fat dropped on the snow. Drayne made no move but let it lie there, and instantly Whisky-jack's talons had transfixed it and he was in flight, careening madly through the tree-aisles, bound for home.

And no curse sped his going, but rather an unuttered benediction. Drayne's mind was full of the old superstition.

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Kid Vengeance

(Continued from page 17)

him to a pulp. I saw his battle with Gyp Harris, who stood just one rung below the champion Tony Durant, and it was one of the most vicious affairs ever staged, vicious because King deliberately and scientifically chopped Harris to ribbons without making any apparent effort to put him away.

This win, of course, got King his shot at Durant, and I came away from that fight firmly convinced that King was one of the outstanding middleweights of all time. Working like a machine, he had the champion on the floor three times in the third round; in the fourth he rolled him along the ropes for most of the round, playing with him as a cat might play with a mouse, and in the fifth he knocked him out with one of those savage uppercuts that were his specialty.

Going out, I met Dillon and Rantoul talking in the lobby. Rantoul was saying patronizingly: "Too bad you haven't got a fighter instead of a tramp, Dillon. I'd like to have him meet up with King again just for the satisfaction of seeing King murder him. But I don't believe he has brains enough to get beyond where he is."

Any disparaging remark about the kid hit home to me. I pushed my way in front of Rantoul.

"Listen, you big four-flusher," I snapped, "remember that, because one of these days you're going to see that punk of yours on the floor with the referee holding up Curran's glove."

"Shut up, Fritz," said Dillon. He looked at Rantoul, his eyes narrowing. "You take quite a bit of interest in us, don't you, Rantoul? Well, don't take too much. That's all I've got to say—don't take too much."

THAT was all there was to that meeting. And yet the papers came out the next day with a two-column feature story on the sports pages about how Rantoul, manager of the champion, and Dillon, manager of the most promising title contender, had come to blows. Publicity? I'll say it was publicity, with a bang.

And there was more publicity to come, much more of it, some of the most sensational publicity, perhaps, that ever was accorded a fighter. It happened several months after King became the champion, immediately following the kid's sensational nine-round knockout of the hard-fighting Dolly Kane. After the referee had dropped the kid's glove, which he had raised in token of victory, an announcer stepped forward and held up both hands for silence. When it came, he bawled through a megaphone: "Ladeez and gentlemen! At the request of Jimmy Curran, the winnah of tonight's bout, I am quoting his own words in his challenge to the champion. He says: 'I will fight King for the title any time he dares to meet me. I will even take him on right now.' I thank you."

Naturally a tremendous roar went up. The kid, who had started to climb under the ropes, turned, thunderstruck.

"What's that?" he demanded. "I said those things? You're a liar!"

Raging, he started across the ring after the announcer, at the very moment that King, his face dark with passion, climbed through the ropes. Before anyone could intervene, before anyone realized what was happening, King, dressed in evening clothes, knocked the kid off his feet with a left to the head. White-faced I grabbed the kid as he scrambled up, the while the referee and one of Kane's seconds caught King's arms. Talk about a madhouse! I thought that mob was going to lift the roof. Never in

all my life have I heard such screaming and howling. You couldn't even hear yourself yell.

The kid was still raging when we finally got him down to the dressing room.

"Who told him to say that?" he rasped. "Where does he get that stuff? If it was Dillon told him, I'll break his neck!"

"Don't be crazy, kid," I snapped. "Dillon didn't tell him to say it. Dillon's been too much in bad with the commission ever since the Eddie St. Johns affair to take any more chances like that. And believe you me, the commission will raise plenty hell about this."

I was wrong. The commission didn't. Of course there was an investigation which put Dillon, the kid and me through a third degree, but we knew nothing about it and they couldn't prove that we did. Then they questioned Rantoul. Shortly after that, the affair was dropped. In its report the commission included the words *mistake* and *misunderstanding*. Why wouldn't they? Rantoul was a powerful man.

BUT the thing got us a million dollars' worth of publicity and resulted, as everyone knew it would, in the matching of King and Curran to fight fifteen rounds for the middleweight championship of the world.

As soon as Dillon told me that terms had been agreed upon over the telephone, I went down into the gymnasium where the kid was sprawled on the rubbing table, reading a magazine. Across the room Whitey Mace was slouched against a locker, staring moodily out the window.

"Well, kid," I said grinning, "we fight the champ."

He nodded, drew a deep breath, and sort of tensed his muscles.

"If it's ever coming it'll come now," he said seriously.

"It's all settled," I said. "Dillon just told me this minute upstairs."

The kid got up off the table.

"I didn't mean the fight," he said, and walked out of the room, Whitey Mace trailing along at his heels.

It was the next afternoon that the girl came to see me, the girl of the picture. She was a mighty fine looking girl, too, blonde, with even features, nice white teeth and straightforward blue eyes that looked directly into yours when she talked to you. She got to the point directly, and I saw that she was worried.

"I'm Sally Madison," she said. "You may not remember me, Mr. Benjamin, but I met you a long while ago when I was with— Eddie St. Johns."

"Sure," I said, thinking of the picture. "That's it. You were with him."

She sat forward in her chair.

"I came to see you about Jimmy Curran," she said. "Is there—will there be any danger connected with his fighting King?"

"Danger?" I repeated. "Why, no. I think he'll take King."

"No, no, you don't understand. I mean, surrounding the fight. Such a thing, for example, as happened to—to—"

"To Eddie?" I said gently.

"Yes."

I shook my head. "Not a chance, Miss Madison. We all have our eyes open this time, don't worry about that."

"Are you positive?"

"Sure, I'm positive."

But I lied when I said it, simply to put the girl at ease. And even as I spoke I realized that, despite the fact that none of us had mentioned the matter since that time

(Continued on page 42)



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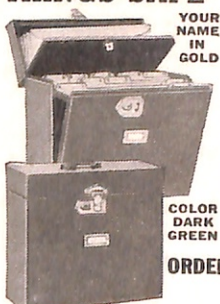
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(Continued from page 41)

in Dillon's office, there had been a constant undercurrent of watching and waiting that had left its strain upon all of us. I spoke again to reassure myself.

"Sure, I'm positive, Miss Madison."

She smiled, a bit wanly.

"Then I'll feel better about it," she said.

"I hope you don't mind my coming to you like this, but Jimmy seems to think a lot of you and I knew you would tell me the truth."

"You come to me with anything you want to," I said.

She stayed about ten minutes longer and when she left, after making me promise not to tell Curran that she had called, she was smiling and cheerful. A great girl, that Sally Madison.

Eddie St. Johns! Her visit had brought his fateful murder to my mind very forcibly, and again and again, troubled, I looked at the forthcoming fight through the perspective it furnished. Would his murderer try to pull the same stunt with the kid? It hardly seemed possible unless he or they rated Connie Dillon and me as dumbbells. Connie Dillon... Connie Dillon. I worked for Dillon, but, after all, I knew nothing about him. Maybe... I shook my head savagely to get rid of the dark, ugly suspicion that possessed me. I must be going bats. No one other than a madman would try to fix this fight.

But it seemed that I was wrong, as usual. Two days before the fight a melancholy looking individual called around at our training quarters. He chose his time carefully, for none of us were there, save the kid who was stretched out in a porch hammock.

The stranger looked the kid over and said:

"Can I see you a minute?"

"Sure," said the kid. "What's on your mind?"

The stranger sat down, fanned himself with his hat and sighed dejectedly.

"This," he said. "Do you think you can take King?"

"Yeh, I do," said the kid slowly, his face darkening.

"That's funny," said the stranger. "I had an idea that you might think King could knock you out in the sixth round."

The kid didn't bat an eyelash.

"Yeh?" he said.

"Yeh. In fact if King should knock you out in the sixth, there might be a nice little present waiting for you after the fight—say, about sixty thousand dollars."

"Supposing he don't knock me out?" inquired the kid in a curiously still voice.

The stranger looked sadder than ever as he hunched his lean shoulders.

"You can't tell. Life is a funny proposition. Some people leave it kinda sudden, if you get what I mean."

"Like Eddie St. Johns maybe?"

"Maybe," nodded the stranger. "Maybe like Eddie St. Johns."

The kid gripped his hands tight, looked down at the white knuckles.

"Oh," he said.

The other regarded him a moment, then hauled himself to his feet.

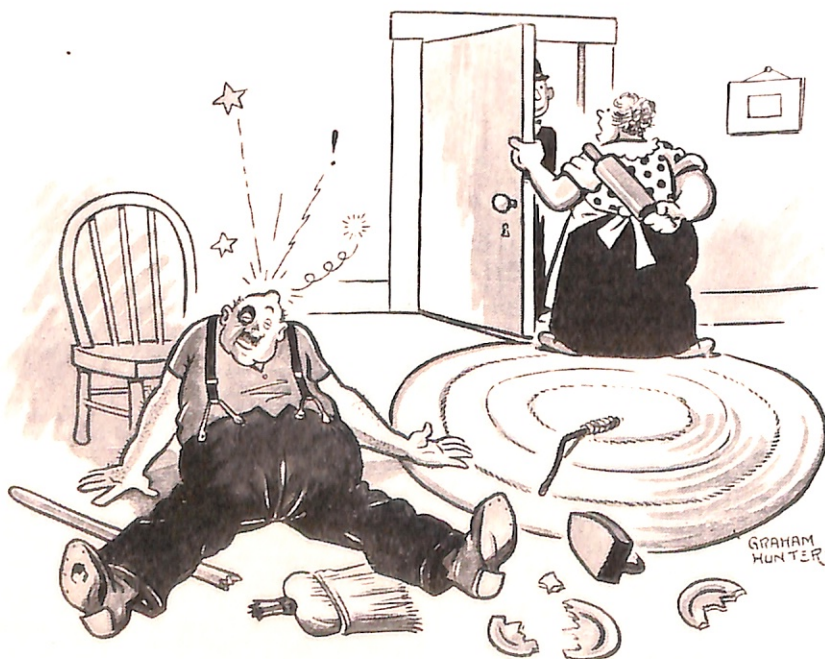
"I guess we understand each other, so I may as well be going," he remarked mournfully. "Remember though, I'll be expecting to see you knocked out in the sixth."

The kid watched until the stranger was out of sight. Then, suddenly white of face, he shut his eyes and spoke softly as though to someone nearby: "It won't be long now, Eddie boy, it won't be long now."

At the time he didn't say a word about the incident to me, and if he seemed unduly tense and on edge I attributed it to the nearness of the fight.

A TREMENDOUS mob had packed and jammed its way into the great arena. On all sides of the ring, faces stared up at the two men, thirty thousand of them, faces that in the ringside glare of the lights were a pasty white, becoming more and more shadowy and indistinct as the rows of seats faded back to the topmost tiers of the stands. Voices blended conversation, wisecracks, and calls of encouragement into a vast volume of sound that assailed the kid's ears like the steady, dull, meaningless roar of great falls or surf.

Down at the ringside sat Louie Rantoul, surrounded by a party of friends. Evidently he had been drinking, for his heavy face was redder than usual and he was talking loudly, gesticulating scornfully toward our corner, waving admiringly toward King's corner. Several seats removed was Connie Dillon, expressionless of face, cigarette hanging from his lips, eyes questing restlessly



"Sorry. Mr. Willip is out for the present"

from the kid to King and back again. Just below the kid's corner stood Whitey Mace, felt hat over one eye, silent, uneasy.

Over an amplifying system came the voice of the arena announcer, booming into every nook and cranny: "... in this corner Jimmy Curran, challenger, who will fight tonight's bout under the name—Kid Vengeance."

I started.

"Kid Vengeance!" I said. "What the hell, kid!"

He nodded grimly.

"That's right," he said, his eyes moving to the restless Dillon. "That's right. I told him to say it."

At the bell the kid turned from his corner, moved in and struck. Leering, King dodged and set the kid back on his heels with a straight left, then when the kid came back at him he clinched.

"The sixth, punk," he whispered. "I'll carry you till then."

Savagely, the kid broke away from him.

"You'll carry nothing, you dirty rat!" he gritted, and went after King. Left and right stabbed into the body of the champion, who gave back into a corner and stood there, exchanging blow for blow.

I almost passed out.

"Get away from him!" I bawled. "Get away from him, kid! What the hell are you trying to do—get killed?"

The kid paid no attention. Left and right he kept pumping to the body and face of the champion who took it and came back harder than ever, forced to fight in sheer self defense. He ducked one of the kid's high swings and came up with one of his hard, jolting uppercuts. The punch caught the kid on the chin and dropped him. Up he came, snarling, at the count of four.

"O my God!" I moaned, tearing my hair. "Has the guy gone completely nuts?"

It was the sort of bruising fight that has the crowd a yelling, tossing mob of maniacs. Swaying, clinching, breaking, pounding, they fought with no mercy asked and none given. Like a runaway express, the kid charged into King, slashing away at him with both hands. Boxing craftily now, the champion chopped steadily with his left, then brought up that bone-breaking uppercut. Twice more in that wild first round the kid was on the canvas, twice more he came up without taking the full count to rip and tear and slug his way in again. They kept on punching madly at the bell for the good and sufficient reason that they couldn't hear the bell. Nobody could. It was drowned out by a raving, screeching mob of thirty thousand maniacs.

At the end of the round I tried to reason with the kid, but he wouldn't even listen to me. Like a wounded animal he snarled at me, red-eyed, baring his teeth.

He shot out for that second round like a bolt of lightning. Somewhere in this great crowd was the man who had threatened him with death if he didn't throw the fight. Well, let him look this over! Raging, the kid smashed the champion with a left and banged him to the ropes with a right. He'd show 'em! He might never fight again after this—they might get him—but he'd give 'em something to remember while he was in there. Toe to toe they stood, pounding, battering away with those fearful punches.

"They can't keep this up," I found myself yelling. "They can't! They can't! Somebody's got to drop!"

King backed away first. Sudden fear came to him, fear of the berserk fury in front of him, fear of the red glare in the kid's eyes. He had given the kid every punch in his bag of punches, blows that should have been knockouts five times over, and yet the kid was not only on his feet, he

(Continued on page 44)

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(Continued from page 43)

was seemingly stronger than ever.

I, too, marveled, and then it came to me in a flash. It was not only Jimmy Curran who was in there fighting, it was Curran and Eddie St. Johns combined!

"Take him, kid!" I yelled in sudden excitement. "Take him."

And the kid did. King tried to clinch, but the kid shook him off and beat him to the punch. A smashing left broke the champion's nose, and a right to the stomach bent him nearly double. Wham! Crash! Two more punches with all the kid's weight behind them—a left and a terrific right to the jaw—and the champion drooped and slumped down on his face. At eight he tried to pull himself to his knees, but he was too far gone and fell back, a quivering mass of beaten flesh. Twice more the referee's arm rose and fell, then he lifted the kid's gloved hand high in the air in token of the new middleweight champion of the world.

Sobbing like a baby, I hugged the kid, then threw his robe over his shoulders and fought a way for him through rows of wild fans who wanted to pound him on the back. We were both exhausted when finally we slammed the dressing room door behind us.

"The champ!" I said, grinning from ear to ear.

The kid grinned, too, a tired little grin.

"Yeh, I guess so," he replied. Then the grin faded as he said: "Now let 'em come."

He had just finished dressing when Whitey Mace came in.

"Nice work, champ," he said. "Couldn't have done better myself." He looked a trifle older somehow, Whitey did, and his voice sounded a bit strained to me. "What do you say we go get a bite to eat?"

"Sure," said the kid. "Be with you in a minute." Then he got it in one of those quick, intuitive mental linking of events that all of us experience at one time or another.

"Eat," he said, as though to himself. "Eat . . . restaurant . . . eat." His gaze, suddenly cold and penetrating, turned upon Whitey Mace.

"Whitey," he said softly, "did you ever go out to eat with Eddie St. Johns?"

"Me?" said Whitey. "No, never."

"You're a liar," said the kid.

In one leap he had Mace by the coat collar, had yanked him away from the wall, and had knocked him down with a right hand punch. On the floor, Whitey, his features contorted with fear and passion, tugged frantically at his coat pocket. Before he

could draw the gun, the kid was on him, had twisted the gun away from him, had lifted him to his feet and smashed him down again.

"Whitey," he said, his voice deadly, "I'm going to keep on beating you until you start talking."

It was all over in five minutes. Whitey Mace, desperately afraid of physical violence as so many rats of his type are, confessed sobbing that he had killed Eddie St. Johns, then signed the brief confession the kid wrote out for him. Under further questioning he gave the name of the man who ordered the killing and who, at the same



"It's a rabbit, sure enough, and he's coming this way!"

Drawn by Enos B. Comstock

time, did his best to throw suspicion on another whose competition for the managerial supremacy of the fight game he could not tolerate. The man was Louis Rantoul.

DILLON came in as the cops took Whitey away.

"What's all this?" he asked calmly.

The kid explained briefly. He finished by saying: "So you see there wasn't anything I could do except wait. Morris worked for you and after he got important enough they bagged him; Eddie worked for you and they tried to fix him the same way, so

I figured that if I could work under you and get to be pretty good, the same outfit might try to fix me, too, and then maybe I could find out what I wanted to know. I'm sorry, Mr. Dillon, for the way I acted. I was pretty sure from what Eddie used to tell me that it might be Rantoul, but I didn't want it to look as if I suspected him. So the only other thing I could do was to make it look as if I suspected you."

DILLON smiled, one of the few times I had ever seen him smile. That smile lighted up and changed his whole face. You couldn't help liking Dillon when he smiled. It seemed to make a different man of him.

"I'm not surprised, boy," he said, "because I've been working on the thing, too, and last night some of my boys did a little job on one of Rantoul's trigger men. He told us things, so I had a pretty good idea what was going on. Between us—well, things should be quite rosy from now on with Rantoul where he belongs."

They shook hands smiling.

"But why," I said, "should Rantoul try to frame this fight with a really great fighter like King working for him?"

"Because he hated me," said Dillon. "Because he had bet heavily and never bets on anything that isn't fixed. And finally, since he can't trust himself, he can't trust anyone else, therefore he didn't know what King might do." He turned to the kid. "Congratulations, Champ," he smiled. "And while I think of it, there's a little girl who's waiting outside to see you. Her name, I believe, is Sally."

SHADOW touched the kid's face. He said wearily: "Yeh, Sally Madison. She was Eddie's girl."

"Who went around with him simply because she couldn't get a certain other guy to realize she was in love with him all the time," I snapped.

The kid looked at me. "What do you mean, Fritz?"

"I mean what I say," I told him. "She gave me the whole story not so many weeks ago."

"Are you kidding?"

"Listen," I said, "for a young man with a fair amount of brains, you can be the dumbest egg I ever saw. Go on, get out of here!" I added, grinning, and winking at Connie Dillon. "This is one match, kid, that is fixed."

You should have seen the kid leave that dressing room.

Smacking the One and Three

(Continued from page 9)

wabbling sights just behind the shoulder of a six-prong buck and tries to squeeze the trigger. I would guess that the last strike in a 300 game is about a hundred times as hard to make as the first one in the series. All of which goes toward making the game the fascinating sport that it is.

THERE are just a few things to learn about bowling, either from the printed word or from an instructor. In fact, I believe that in a sport as basically simple as this, the individual should develop his own style. Whatever is natural for him is his best method. It is very important, though, that he start out in the right general way, for I know no sport in which a bad habit is more difficult to correct. Repeatedly I

have tried to help some friend learn a difficult knack in bowling, even guiding his arm through the proper motions until he seems to have it letter-perfect. But when he takes up his ball and starts out by himself he usually reverts right back to his old way of doing it.

Probably the most important lesson for a new bowler is to roll a hook or curve ball instead of a straight ball. Mind you, there are some top-notchers who bowl straight balls—but they are very rare. To be good with only a straight ball requires far greater accuracy than to be good with a hook ball. The reason is plain. When a straight ball hits the pins it tends to plow straight through and to send the pins straight through. A hook ball, on the other hand, hitting in the strike position throws the pins

sideways into the rest of the pins, mowing them down. A straight-ball bowler usually leaves a good many more spares than an equally good hook-ball bowler.

Offsetting this, the good straight-ball bowler is usually so accurate that his work in cleaning up spares puts us hook-ball bowlers to shame. But remember this: The best you can make, if you fail to strike and then clean up all the spares, is 19 points on a frame. A strike counts 10, plus what you receive on the next two balls, so in combination with two other strikes in a series it counts 30. Therefore the hook-ball bowler has a natural edge on the straight-ball bowler. It should be said, however, that a hook ball is more difficult to control.

The difference between a straight ball and a hook ball is determined at the moment of

delivery. The straight-ball bowler brings his arm and hand straight through as he releases the ball, consequently the ball is rolling directly over and over on its trip down the alley. The hook-ball bowler turns his hand, wrist and entire arm toward the left as he releases the ball; consequently the ball takes a spin (or what in table games is termed English) and curves toward the left. To make a hook ball behave properly you must have not only control but also a fair amount of speed.

SOME few bowlers have a natural tendency to hook the ball. I know that I bowled a hook the first time I rolled a ball down an alley and I have kept right on with it. Most beginners seem to use a straight ball naturally. If they have ambitions to perfect themselves as good bowlers, they had better start practicing hook balls as early as possible.

A word of warning, however: The person who prefers a hook ball but who bowls only occasionally gets a reputation for being erratic. He is either very good or very bad when he appears on an alley, for his lack of practice prevents his keeping his hook ball under control and it becomes a matter of whether he gets the feel properly on each occasion. If you are going to bowl only once a week or so, you will probably do better to stay a straight-ball bowler.

Again, 99% of all bowlers (if they are right-handed) have the left foot forward as the ball is released. Yet some few excellent bowlers do it with the right foot forward. These men always mystify me, for when I try their style I get off balance and almost fall on my face. All of which confirms what I have already suggested, that the individual's own best natural style is probably the best form for him to try to follow.

I KNOW that I have taken lessons from several golf pros, each of whom has tried to make me do it different ways. Yet, untutored, I am a fair golfer. When I do my best to follow their pet styles my game goes to pot. It will cost you nothing for the suggestion that by following your own natural bent in bowling, you will probably reach the limit of your own ability more quickly and more surely than if you try to model all your movements on what some good bowler is seen to do.

After all, we are only being natural. Here's hoping you are the same.

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 34)

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M | A | S | S | P | E | D | B | R | A | G | E | S | O | B | S |
| O | B | O | E | T | A | L | E | R | A | G | E | P | L | O | T |
| A | B | U | T | I | R | I | S | I | C | O | N | A | L | O | E |
| B | E | L | T | A | N | E | P | O | N | E | E | R | R | A | N |
| | | | L | I | T | K | I | N | K | O | R | E | S | | |
| S | O | B | E | R | W | I | S | E | P | R | O | T | E | S | T |
| A | G | E | D | B | I | N | E | A | R | G | U | S | T | A | I |
| N | E | E | P | I | N | E | A | L | I | A | S | T | E | X | T |
| D | E | T | A | I | N | S | P | R | E | E | N | T | A | M | I |
| | | | L | E | D | P | A | I | R | S | J | A | P | | |
| P | A | L | E | D | C | A | R | E | T | S | T | R | E | T | C |
| E | P | E | E | R | E | N | T | S | L | O | O | N | R | O | E |
| E | E | N | M | E | L | T | S | H | E | A | P | N | O | T | E |
| P | R | O | T | E | C | T | S | R | E | A | R | S | A | T | E |
| | | | E | R | O | S | R | U | I | N | A | I | T | | |
| E | R | A | S | E | R | L | I | E | N | A | S | S | U | R | E |
| G | U | S | T | D | E | E | D | O | I | L | S | R | O | L | E |
| G | L | E | E | R | N | E | U | R | G | E | A | P | S | E | |
| S | E | A | R | D | E | E | R | S | E | A | S | L | E | E | R |



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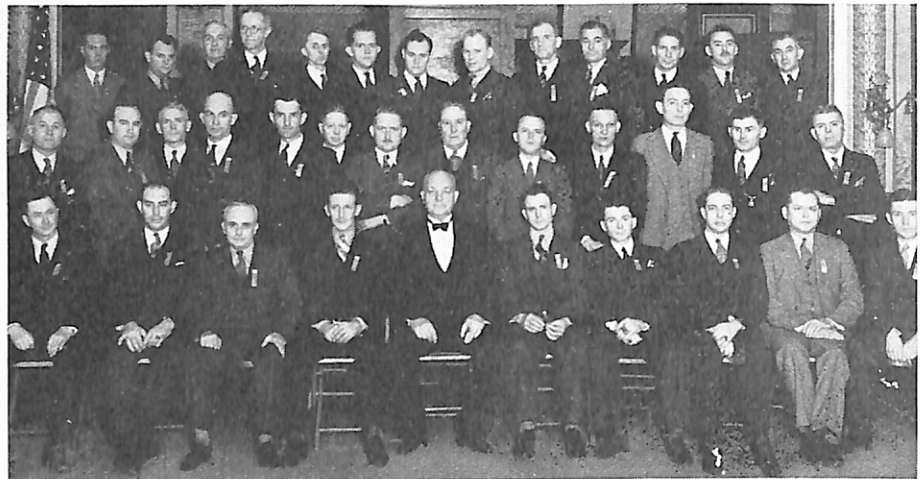
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 22)



J. M. Challiss

A group of candidates recently initiated into Atchison, Kans., Lodge by the degree team of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge

Atchison, Kans., Lodge Initiates Its Largest Class

Thirty-seven candidates were initiated into Atchison, Kans., Lodge, No. 647, recently with the team of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, exemplifying the ritualistic work. This was the largest class to be taken into the Lodge in its history. After the ceremonies the new Atchison Elks were entertained in the club rooms of the Home where lunch and refreshments were served. Five other candidates, who were unable to be present on the night of the initiation, were scheduled to be taken into membership at a later date.

George H. Edwards, Secy.
J. M. Challiss

Recent Activities of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, has established three Scholarships to be awarded to deserving students selected by the Deans of New York University, Fordham University and Manhattan College—all Bronx institutions. The sum allotted is \$100 for each student to be donated for his fourth year.

Recent activities of the Lodge included the installation of radios in institutions caring for the sick and needy in the Bronx. The Baseball Committee held its annual entertainment and dance not long ago, and the Entertainment Committee provided its Hallowe'en Dance.

At a subsequent meeting six candidates were initiated into the Lodge and several former members were reinstated to active membership. It is reported that the Social and Community Welfare Committee is taking care of a large number of persons who are ill and unable to pay for medical attention.

P.E.R. Joseph Brand, Secy.

Springfield, Mass., Lodge Appoints "Steward-Emeritus"

John P. Leonard of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, known to thousands of Elks as "Johnny," has been appointed by his Lodge to the office of "Steward-Emeritus," in recognition of his long and faithful service as steward. On his last birthday Mr. Leonard was summoned to the Lodge hall where a large gathering of members had assembled to honor him. After a supper and entertainment he was also presented with a Life Membership.

Charles L. Kelheuer, Correspondent

Greenfield, Mass., Lodge Loses Noted Past Exalted Ruler

Greenfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1296, mourns deeply the loss of P.E.R. Dr. Richard A. McGillicuddy, 55, of Turners Falls, who died November 4 after a long illness.

Men and women who owe their lives to his skilful hand are, in themselves, sufficient eulogy for Mr. Gillicuddy. The esteem in which he was held by the colleagues of his profession is indicated by the position to which he had mounted in his chosen field. At medical conventions and clinics throughout New England and in Canada, the Doctor's opinions were frequently sought.

He was a member of the American Association for the Study of Goitre, Franklin County Medical Society, The Massachusetts Medico-legal Society and the New England Surgical Society. He had also been a member of the staff of the Farren Memorial Hospital since he began his practice in Greenfield and its environs, and at one time was Head of the Staff. In August, 1929, he was appointed Associate Medical Examiner of the district by Governor Frank G. Allen. Dr. McGillicuddy was Exalted Ruler of Greenfield Lodge in 1929-30.

Augustus G. Keller, Secy.

Hobart, Okla., Lodge Holds Constructive Meeting

Hobart, Okla., Lodge, No. 881, was host to the Ritualistic Team of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, when the Team initiated a class of 27 candidates into Hobart Lodge. The meeting was one of the most enthusiastic held in Western Oklahoma this winter. It was the second of a series sponsored by the Okla. State Elks Assn. to stimulate interest in the Order. A Francis Porta was the main speaker, giving an admirable address against Communism. Pres. George M. McLean of the State Assn. also spoke, stressing the importance of Christmas charities.

Besides the 27 new members, Hobart Lodge welcomed back to membership 42 reinstatements. A Dutch lunch was served after the meeting. El Reno and Tulsa Lodges were scheduled to hold similar meetings in December. Speakers are furnished by the State Association. The members of the ritualistic team of El Reno Lodge are A. Francis Porta, W. L. Fogg, John Morrison, E. F. Thompson, M. M. Johnson, Ellis V. Gregory and H. F. Collins.

George M. McLean, State Pres.

Houlton, Me., Lodge Carries on Active Program

The official year of Houlton, Me., Lodge, No. 835, began with the visit of D.D. J. O. E. Noel, Jr., of Waterville, and the distribution by E.R. George E. Roach of a complete calendar of events that will provide one of the busiest years the Lodge has ever known. The calendar is an innovation. It provides members with a complete list of events for the year, and contains information as to dates, business and type of entertainment. The value of the calendar was definitely established on Visitation Night by the presence of one of the best turnouts in many months.

Maine's northernmost Lodge has jurisdiction over a territory larger than the State of Massachusetts and the problem of its officers in sustaining interest over such a wide area has been no slight one. This year, however, committees have been organized with the express purpose of welding the widely distributed members together into a loyal and active unit.

Fall and winter events included a Hayseed Ball and Thanksgiving and Christmas dances. A costume ball was planned to complete the social program. Lodge meetings are supplemented by well attended ladies' nights held at regular intervals. The members have also decided to stage an old-fashioned minstrel show.

For two years Houlton Lodge has been the winner of the Eastern Maine Bowling Tournament and the Maine State Elks Tournament, and the runner-up in the Maritime Bowling Meet held at Fredericton. The pin-pickers, by the time this article appears, will have chosen the five headliners who will represent the Lodge this year.

B. E. Esters, Correspondent

Oak Park, Ill., P.E.R.'s Initiate Bloomington Lodge Candidates

Seven Past Exalted Rulers of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, recently traveled to the Home of Bloomington, Ill., Lodge, No. 281, and there conferred the degree of membership on a class of candidates. A dinner was served immediately after the arrival of the guests, and the meeting and initiation followed.

The members of the degree team from Oak Park Lodge are Frank P. White, Executive Secy. of the Crippled Children's Clinic of the Ill. State Elks Assn.; W. D. Prest, Sr.; William J. Savage; James Finn; Harry Reiser; Edwin A. Lee and Bert Hawkins. A large number of visiting Elks attended, among them being Judge Frank B. Leonard, Pres. of the State Assn. Judge Leonard delivered an interesting address on the progress of the Order in Illinois.

W. L. Callahan, E.R.,
Bloomington Lodge

Fall Class Initiated by Concordia, Kans., Lodge

Festivities opened with an impromptu parade, led by the local High School Band, on the occasion of the initiation of its Fall Class by Concordia, Kans., Lodge, No. 586. A banquet was served later, in the dining room of the Home, to 250 Elks. D.D. Dr. Fred M. Brown was present, taking the opportunity to make his official annual inspection. He delivered a splendid address.

A short time before an Old Time Dancing Party and Pot Luck Dinner was held. The Lodge furnished meat, bread, butter and coffee, and each attending couple brought an additional item of food. After dinner card games were played and dancing was held.

For its Spring Class Day, Concordia Lodge is planning a 21-26 Class of candidates, in commemoration of the Birthday of the Order.

J. E. Welch, Secy.

(Continued on page 48)

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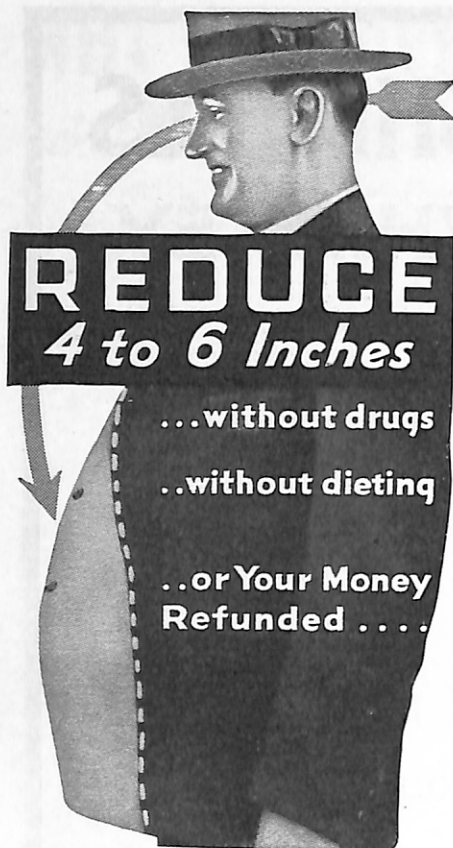
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(Continued from page 47)

P.E.R. Feder, Summit, N. J., Loses Life Membership Card

The Secretary of Summit, N. J., Lodge, No. 1246, reports that P.E.R. R. Walter Feder, a representative of Park and Tilford, traveling in upper New York State, has lost his Life Membership Card. It is hoped that notice of Mr. Feder's loss will prevent illegal use of the card.

P.E.R. D. J. Kerns, Secy.

Arcadia, Fla., Lodge Stages "David Sholtz Day"

On October 26 Arcadia, Fla., Lodge, No. 1524, entertained the Hon. David Sholtz, Governor of Florida and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Grand Lodge; Lieut. Gov. Sheppard, of South Carolina; Bill Hart, Western Representative of THE ELKS MAGAZINE; D.D. S. Lehr Miller of Florida West, and 400 Elks from the District. Delegations were also present from St. Petersburg, Tampa, Lakeland, Sebring, Clearwater, Bradenton, Fort Myers and Sarasota. The event was known as "Dave Sholtz Day."

A parade of the visitors, headed by the 40-piece band of Tampa Lodge, No. 708, marched to the De Soto County Court House Square where Gov. Sholtz and the other prominent visitors were introduced. Making a short but impressive speech on patriotism, Gov. Sholtz drew enthusiastic applause from the large number of spectators estimated at 2,000. Following the Governor's speech, the crowd was entertained by a concert given by the Tampa Band under the able direction of Jimmie Doyle, Bandmaster.

An old-fashioned barbecue supper was served on the banks of the Peace River, after which Lodge convened. Twenty candidates were initiated, being known as the Dave Sholtz Class. A handsome gold watch was presented to the Governor as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by Arcadia Lodge. A "Governor's Ball" was held in the Tourist Assembly Hall in the evening, with Gov. Sholtz leading the Grand March.

C. E. Adams, Secy.

Benton Harbor, Mich., Lodge Raises Boy Scout Funds

In conforming with the program of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Benton Harbor, Mich., Lodge, No. 544, has sponsored the raising of funds for the Boy Scouts of the City. At the time of commencing the canvass, the project seemed a huge undertaking, but under the capable leadership of Chairman Jack Gardner, not only the current year's budget of \$2,100 was raised, but also \$1,200 more was secured to cover the deficit incurred during the past two years. The outcome of this drive will prove encouraging to other Lodges contemplating this or a similar campaign.

O. G. Brewitz, D.D.

Gloucester, Mass., Lodge Dedicates New Lodge Home

In mid-November Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, No. 892, dedicated its new Home with all the pomp and ceremony of the impressive Elk ritual. The event took place on Armistice Day. D.D. Frank C. Doucette, of Malden, accompanied by a delegation of prominent New England Elks, was in charge. The dedicatory address was delivered before a large audience of local and visiting Elks and interested citizens by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley. The Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Treasurer Bernard E. Carbin and Vice-Pres. John F. Burke, of the Mass. State Elks Assn., also were present.

The Home was open for inspection and

hundreds of visitors took advantage of the opportunity to examine the building, praising the handsome furnishings and layout. The Lodge room is said to be second to none in the district. The Lodge Secretary, Secretary of the House Committee and Treasurer all have offices on the second floor; there also are located the billiard room, baths, and the private room for committee meetings. The lounge, reception room, coat room and Lodge room are on the first floor. The large banquet hall and up-to-date kitchen are in the basement. At the dedicatory banquet 250 persons sat down to the elaborate feast that had been provided for them by the Social Session Committee under the leadership of Patrick Curley.

The Lodge was the grateful recipient of a number of handsome gifts, among them being the officers' stations which were donated by Mrs. Annie M. Ryan in memory of her husband, the late Gilbert H. Ryan. These consisted of three chairs (in one) for the Exalted Ruler, Esteemed Leading, Loyal and Lecturing Knights; four pedestals and a beautiful altar. The Lodge also installed a bronze tablet to absent Brothers.

On the double occasion of the dedication and the official visit of the District Deputy, 12 candidates were initiated. Mr. Doucette witnessed the conferring of the degrees and was pleased with the work as performed by the officers.

Edward Carpenter, Secy.

Activities of De Soto, Mo., Lodge

Among the fall and winter activities of De Soto, Mo., Lodge, No. 689, was the distribution of eye glasses to school children of the community whose parents were unable to take care of the matter. A home talent play—"The Love Bug"—was presented by the Lodge for the benefit of its Christmas Charity Fund. Late in November a class of six candidates was initiated and one member reinstated. Shortly afterward a fine meeting took place at which State Pres. E. J. Martt delivered the principal address.

A. F. Karte, Secy.

Jersey City, N. J., Members Honored by Government

Two members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, have been honored with important appointments under the Federal Government's new home owning and modernization plans. Est. Leading Knight Frank T. Judge has been appointed Chairman of the Jersey City Better Housing Campaign which is being conducted by the Federal Housing Administration. George Skiffington has been appointed State Manager of the Home Owners Loan Corporation. Both appointees are capable executives and well trained for the specialized work assigned them.

John T. O'Brien, Publicity Committee

Koenig Bowls Perfect Game for Irvington, N. J., Lodge

The Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245, bowling team rocketed to a brilliant lead in the Elks Bowling League opener against the team of Dunellen, N. J., Lodge, No. 1488, displaying mid-season form to sweep the match with totals of 1271, 1021 and 1097. Charles Koenig led with a perfect score in the first game. He was followed by Herman Schmidt who bowled 296.

The first game mark of 1271 was the highest ever rolled in the 28 years the League has been in existence. The previous high mark was 1224 made by Union Hill (now Union City) Lodge, No. 1357, four or five years ago. Those on the Irvington team were Zazzali, Van Sant, Koenig, Byrne and Schmidt, while those on the Dunellen team were Voorhees, Rohmer, Fleury, Knauss and Deala'an.

Henry F. Fritz, Publicity Committee

(Continued from page 34)

Last year Hansen caught, embalmed, packed and shipped, 2,500,000 grasshoppers. And if fourteen grasshoppers lured thirteen fish, 2,500,000 grasshoppers lured — Well, that's a problem for the fish and game warden of the world.

OF all the unique farms in Southern California perhaps none is better known than the Cawston Ostrich Farm. The establishment of this farm dates back to 1886 when Edwin Cawston decided to bring a bit of old Africa to this Continent in the form of half a hundred ostriches.

Cawston found that the desert valley in the shadow of the San Jacinto was very similar to the giant birds' native habitat in Africa. Here also was to be found plenty of gravel, oranges, grain, vegetables and other "edibles" that the plumed birds relish. At that time—the late 'eighties—Dame Fashion decreed that no well dressed lady would venture down Fifth Avenue without ostrich plumes in her hat or in the trimming of her gown. These plumes were imported from Cape Town at great expense. Only the rich could afford such a luxury.

Cawston decided to gamble for that rich trade. Proceeding to Africa, he rounded up fifty of the finest specimens money could buy. How to transport these huge birds—some reach a height of eight feet and weigh as much as three hundred pounds—was a problem. He solved it by chartering a whole ship for the voyage to Southern California. Not a bird was lost on the trip.

The prevailing high rate of duty on ostriches discouraged others who might have considered emulating Cawston's example, and as a result practically every ostrich now to be found on this Continent is a direct descendant of that original flock. Under the California sun, in the salubrious San Jacinto Valley climate, the flock of fifty rapidly increased until at one time it numbered more than a thousand birds.

So tremendous was the interest in these giants of the bird family that Cawston found it wise and profitable to establish a show place easily accessible to tourists. He selected a spot in South Pasadena where for the past forty-eight years, in the midst of wild oak, palm and orange trees, with flowers on every hand, the finest of the flock have interested and amused hundreds of thousands of men, women and children.

On this same spot Cawston built a two-story factory where plumes were made into fans, boas, stick-ups and fancies—bands for flounces and gown trimming, bags and hats—novelties and adornments of every description. Only the plumes from the male birds were used in manufacturing these articles as they are the more lustrous, hold their shape longer and wear better. Feathers from the female birds soon lose their curl, fade and show wear easily. So popular were ostrich plumes in those days that it wasn't long before Cawston Farm was doing the largest mail order business in Southern California.

Ostrich eggs are ivory in color, of huge proportions and frequently weigh as much as five pounds. The greatest care is exercised in handling these eggs. They are hatched by the incubator process, or by the mates who take turns on the nest—the males at night, the females during the day.

For four days after hatching the baby ostrich goes without food. Then it begins to eat. And what an appetite! It dotes on gravel, alfalfa, grain, vegetables, and when feeling particularly good, a nice little rock. Ostriches literally like rocks because they aid the digestion!

Ostriches pack an awful wallop in their sturdy legs. Not long ago one of the attendants at the farm carelessly let fall the hood which is placed over the birds' heads when they are being clipped. The man who

was doing the clipping was standing behind the ostrich. Suddenly he saw a thousand stars. When he came to he was piled up against a wire fence thirty feet away.

Cawston did a thriving business in ostrich plumes until the World War crashed into the picture. Then women's ideas about dress and personal adornment changed, as did so many other things in this world. They turned from the soft and luxurious to the harsher and plainer modes in dress. Sales diminished but the appetites of the giant birds didn't. The outlook was dark for the ostriches and their owners.

Then, along came Mae West!

The curvaceous Mae not only injected new life into cinema box offices; she created a demand for ostrich plumes. When Miss West blossomed forth in that gay plumed chapeau in "She Done Him Wrong" even the ostriches pricked up their ears. And the ladies! Well, if Mae could get her men by merely wearing ostrich plumes on her hat, they surely could get their men by wearing them on their hats, muffs and gowns. So great was the demand that Cawston's ostriches couldn't supply the feathers. The West influence was felt even in far off Africa. For the first time in years ostrich plumes were imported in great numbers.

Then Sally Rand popped out on a stage at the Century of Progress Exposition, concealing her charms behind nothing more substantial than two ostrich fans. She became a national sensation. As a result a horde of fan dancers sprang into being almost overnight. As Sally, queen of 'em all, used ostrich fans in her act, they must needs do likewise. And each of these fans brought to the ostrich industry anywhere from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars.

Whether it is attributable to the West-Rand influence or some other cause, the moving picture studios of Hollywood are using more ostrich plumes on their stars and their sets today than at any other time in their history. In one month of 1934, it is conservatively estimated, more than \$50,000 worth of ostrich feathers were used by the major studios.

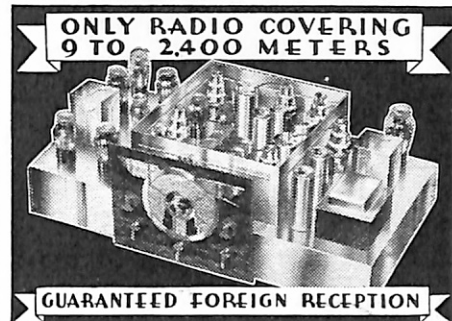
ANOTHER of Southern California's colorful and unique "farms" nestles in the foothills near the little town of Roscoe. This is known as Butterfly Park—the largest butterfly breeding and raising farm in the United States, if not in the world. Here in the summer months may be found thousands of live butterflies under a quarter of an acre of screened enclosures, with more than sixty thousand preserved specimens of all colors and varieties stored in containers in the exhibition room.

Butterfly Park is the butterfly clearing house of the world. To this colorful little "farm" collectors from all sections of the globe send their specimens for classification, sale or exchange. Because such a tremendous number of these lepidopterous insects arrive at Butterfly Park annually, specimens heretofore unknown to entomologists are frequently found. Some of them come from California, some even from the high valleys of the Himalayas, between India and Tibet. Great is the excitement and joy of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carter, founders of the "farm" when one of these fugitive beauties comes into their possession.

California is an ideal place for a butterfly farm because here in the Golden State there are more known species than in any other State in the Union, there being four hundred and eighty varieties. California, which rightly or wrongly has a reputation for boasting the biggest this and the greatest that, can honestly boast that it has the smallest butterfly in the world—the *Brephidium Exilis*. Collectors recently were dismayed, however, to discover that another small butterfly, indigenous to California, has become extinct.

(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

They attribute this to the march of civilization which destroyed the plants upon which the specie fed.

So widespread is the interest in these brilliant-hued insects that the operators of Butterfly Park regularly issue an eight-page "newspaper" known as *Butterfly Park Nature Club News*. Through this monthly paper collectors throughout the world keep in touch with each other. A few years ago they formed a small collectors' club. Today the membership is well up into the thousands.

Art dealers are the best customers of the farm. These dealers use the butterflies for ornamenting trays and greeting cards. Prices range from three cents for the more common varieties to fifteen dollars for the rarer insects.

EVERY man, woman and child in the world who has sat down to a breakfast of Kellogg's corn flakes has indirectly contributed to the most luxurious of California's interesting farms—the W. K. Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch, which occupies eight hundred acres in the low, rolling hills east of Los Angeles near the town of Pomona.

Many years ago, when Will Kellogg was a poor boy in Battle Creek, Michigan, he had one pet—a horse—that enjoyed considerable local distinction because it was of Arabian extraction. Master Kellogg loved that horse as he loved nothing else in the world outside of his immediate family. He was the proudest boy in Battle Creek when he rode down the main street on a Sunday afternoon. He wouldn't have traded places with the Mayor of the town, or the Governor of the State.

The Kelloggs weren't a wealthy family at that time. One day Master Will was told his horse would have to be sold. The little fellow faced this unhappy moment bravely, but when he saw his prized pet led away by a stranger he went into the now vacant barn and, leaning his head against the manger from which his pet had so often fed, made this vow: "If I ever grow up and get rich, I'll buy myself the finest stable of horses I can find and every one of them will be Arabian!"

Will Kellogg eventually grew up and, as the world knows, he made a tremendous fortune out of breakfast foods. But he never forgot his Arabian pet, nor the vow he had made when he lost it.

Although a Middle-westerner by birth, Mr. Kellogg selected California as the ideal State in which to establish his Arabian horse farm. He found a beautiful site near Pomona and spared no expense in making it the ideal place of his boyhood dreams. This great ranch is equipped with every modern convenience. White, spotless, fire-proof stables grouped around a quadrangle of emerald turf; uniformed grooms and attendants; acre after acre of fertile grain fields; pastures lush and green, and eighty-odd proud horses of the finest blood and breeding.

The first Arabian steeds on the Kellogg ranch were bought from the late Chauncey D. Clarke, of Indio, California. A large number of the herd came from the famous Crabbet stud in England. Among the most famous of these are Jadaan, a beautiful gray stallion; Zehowa, a show horse; Nasik; Rossana, daughter of the English Champion Skowronek; Raseyn, which has served as a model for many painters and sculptors; and Farana, blue ribbon winner.

Jadaan is the big attraction to the feminine visitors to the Kellogg farm because it was on this beautiful stallion that the late Rudolph Valentino rode in the filming of his last picture, "The Son of the Sheik."

Although pictured as a great horseman in that epic of the Arabian desert, employees at the Kellogg farm often disillusion feminine

admirers of the glamorous Valentino by telling them that the famous actor knew practically nothing about horses. He was what they term a "hard rider." In substantiation of this they point to the fact that Valentino rode Jadaan fifty miles in deep sand in four and a half hours with the thermometer registering a hundred and six degrees.

"That ride proved Jadaan a great horse but it did him an immense amount of harm," one of Jadaan's grooms told me. "Such a ride would have killed the average animal. Yes, Rudy might have been a great actor but he was no horseman. He, himself, was the first to admit it."

After spending more than \$2,000,000 in developing and stocking the ranch, Mr. Kellogg presented it to the University of California, together with an endowment of \$600,000 with which to carry on research work. It is now called the W. K. Kellogg Institute of Animal Husbandry, and the main activity at the Institute is still the breeding of registered Arabian horses.

It is intended to make the Institute a permanent source of high-type stallions and mares—breeding stock which will perpetuate the Arabian horse in America, and which at the same time will be used to improve the rank and file of American saddle horses that we may have better mounts for our cavalry, for pleasure riding and for polo.

While the Institute is a comparatively new enterprise, registered Arabian horses have already been distributed to the States of New York, Oklahoma, Arizona, Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee, Texas, Washington, Illinois, Montana, Oregon, Pennsylvania, New Mexico, Wisconsin and Ohio, as well as to many points in California. Exports have been made to Hawaii, Mexico, England, Canada, Santo Domingo, Central and South America.

The Institute is rapidly becoming recognized as one of the outstanding Arabian studs in the world. The entire stable is registered with the American-Arabian Horse Club, and the names of many of the horses are to be found in the thoroughbred stud books of England and America.

If you should be standing on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, Hollywood, and heard somebody remark, "That big ham is in the movies!" you might be reasonably certain the speaker was referring to an actor. Then, if you happened to move over to Ventura Boulevard and overheard one person say to another, "That poor fish is in the movies!" you'd probably be wrong in believing that the speaker was referring to the "ham's" room-mate. More than likely he'd be referring to one of the Siamese fighting fish that turned movie actor while Philo Vance's "Dragon Murder Case" was being filmed.

That's Hollywood! In America's most amazing and fantastic city a fish may be a fish today and an actor tomorrow. And when the script calls for a shot of two fish battling for their lives fifty fathoms below the surface while the heroine battles for her honor in the palatial yacht on the surface (symbolic stuff!) the director, cameraman and cast don't go out into the Pacific ocean to shoot the fish scene. They simply hop into a taxi and go to The Tropical Fish Farm on Ventura Boulevard.

At this "farm" almost any day of the week or hour of the day, without extra cost, you may also see a fish nut. A fish nut is first cousin to a stamp collector. He is, in a majority of cases, a man or woman with unlimited leisure who sits for hours in front of a glass container, with his eyes glued on the frolicking fish within.

Fish enthusiasts swarm to the tropical fish breeding and distributing plant in Los Angeles because there they may study any one of a hundred and twenty different specie

of fish, with thousands of specimens to select from. And if they become fond of any special fish and yearn to take it home for a closer inspection, that too can be arranged. For instance, if a fish fancier becomes enamored of a pair of ordinary guppies he may purchase them for about twenty-five cents. If, however, his eye is attracted by a pair of *Symphysodon Discus*—a rare denizen of the deep—he'll have to part with approximately a hundred dollars. The name is thrown in gratis.

The tropical fish to be found here come from the six continents. All are of the fresh water variety. They attract fish fanciers and "hobbyists" of all classes—from shop girls to millionaires. The greatest enthusiasts are the Japanese and the Hawaiian Islanders. Thousands of tropical fish are shipped annually from Los Angeles to buyers in these markets.

Most of the fresh water tropical fish come from South America where the Amazon with its thousands of tributaries harbors hundreds of species. But the most interesting fish I saw at the Los Angeles establishment was an African "mouth breeder." The mother carries her eggs in her transparent mouth and they are visible to the naked eye. The eggs hatch in fourteen days and the babies—seventy-five to a hundred—swim out and instinctively, or otherwise, make for the male, or papa fish. If there's an enemy within striking distance Papa Fish opens his mouth and into it dart all the babies. Comes a day, however, when all the little Africans can't get into Mamma's or Papa's mouth. Then they are cast adrift or a-swim in the world and must shift for themselves.

Some tropical fish will live six weeks without food, but when a fish gets hungry enough he'd just as soon take a bite out of his own brother as at an angle worm. They are the most ruthless cannibals known to science. Because of this trait fanciers must know their fish when they decide to put mixed species in a tank; otherwise they are likely to be accessories to a cannibalistic feast.

So great is the demand for tropical fish as pets that the management of the Los Angeles establishment makes daily shipments, by air, to many Eastern cities. St Louis is the chief distributing center. From that point they are sent to fanciers in the north, south and east. Great care is taken to preserve the fish in water of even temperature. When they are shipped they are put into air-tight cans around which is wrapped warm packing to hold the temperature.

Mosquito-ridden countries are regular customers of the Tropical Fish Farm. Science discovered a short time ago that the mosquito fish is the mosquito's greatest enemy. This fish eats the larvae of the mosquito, thus cutting down millions of the pests before they have a chance to don their boxing gloves or sharpen their spears. A few years ago an order for a "fleet" of these mosquito destroyers was received from far-off Greece. The fish arrived in good condition and in less than two months had reduced to a minimum the mosquito population of the district to which they were consigned.

A YOUNG man's ambition to supply the zoos and amusement parks of the United States is responsible for the California Alligator Farm which attracts thousands of sightseers every year.

Thirty years ago, when Francis Victor Earnest was a young man, he decided that it would be interesting and profitable to go into the swamps of the Southern United States, bag, hook or grab a bunch of 'gators, and sell them to public parks and zoos. Accordingly, he plunged into the marshy regions of Louisiana and Florida in search of the long-jawed crocodilians, expecting to find them in every muddy waterhole he

(Continued on page 52)



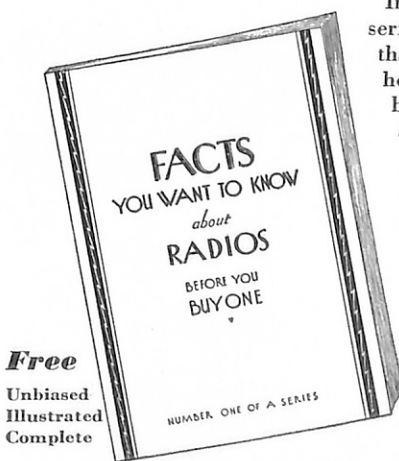
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(Continued from page 51)

came across. He discovered, however, that the natives of the Southland had long before had similar ideas and that alligators were hard to find.

Earnest was a persistent young man, however, and didn't give up the hunt until he had captured half a dozen of both sexes. Then, disliking the climate of the particular section he was in, he decided to ship his captives to Southern California and experiment with the breeding of them. That was twenty-seven years ago. Since then he has raised thousands of 'gators on his farm opposite Lincoln Park in Los Angeles.

In the thirty years that Earnest has been handling alligators he has learned much about their habits, desires and dispositions. The most profitable thing he learned was that alligator skins make very desirable hand bags, suit cases, purses, bill folds, and even chair seats.

He discovered, too, that human beings have an almost insatiable curiosity about saurians. This led him into the exhibition field. He built a beautiful park and some miniature lakes, and engaged guides and "spielers" to give information and explain all about the life and habits of these strange creatures. This proved so profitable that Earnest decided to educate the alligators to amuse visitors. He erected chutes which the saurians "shoot" with evident pleasure, trained one old fellow to carry children on his back without attempting to make a meal of them, and taught his assistants how to catch wild alligators so that they in turn could impart this information to paying guests at the farm.

Alligators aren't hard to get along with. They don't demand much in the way of creature comforts and would make ideal boarders. Give an alligator a little pool of water, a marshy bit of beach and he'll do pretty well for himself for four or five hundred years. The female makes her nest on the beach where she lays her eggs, uses her tail to cover them with dirt and leaves, and then goes about her business. The heat generated by the decaying materials hatches the eggs. Out of each squirms a big-mouthed baby. An alligator will sometimes lay as many as eighty eggs. And when a mother has eighty little fellows with big mouths to feed she has her day's work cut out for her.

In the winter when the water gets cold the alligators get sluggish. Then for about five months they just lie in the mud and water and think—or just lie—as the fancy strikes them. When the water gets warm they come up for food. They like raw horse meat, beef and other meats about once a week during the feeding season.

The oldest living alligator at the farm now boasts to two hundred and twenty-five years. Okeeghobee, who died a few years ago, had reached the ripe age of five hundred. His life was cut short by a mistake he made in his youth. The mistake was in swallowing a hook attached to a heavy line that dragged him out of his swampy home 'way down south. Okeeghobee's age was determined by the measurements of his jaw. That's the only way scientists can arrive at the approximate age of an alligator whose birth date has not been regularly recorded.

Many of Earnest's alligators have appeared in the movies. Picture fans may remember the scene in "Trader Horn" where a "native" fell from a tree into a pool filled with 'gators. Picture-wise customers at the movie theaters thought, of course, that the "native" was a dummy. But take it from Carl Link, one of the staff at the California Alligator Farm, he wasn't. In fact, it was Carl himself, made up like a native African. There were a hundred and seventy alliga-

tors in that pool when Link dropped into it. As soon as he disappeared under water, the cameras stopped grinding, Link was hauled out and, as the cameras resumed, a large chunk of weighted meat was thrown into the spot where he had submerged. The 'gators churned the water in fighting over the meat, giving the scene a realistic touch.

If you should ever meet an alligator on the loose, don't try to side step him. If you do decide to give him the right of way, resort to football tactics and make a sweeping end run. Alligators rarely attack straight on. They like to get at their enemies with a side-swiping movement, using their tails to trip them up. And they are fast, too.

Another don't: Don't offer an alligator a fish or a chunk of meat unless the meat or the fish is on the end of a long pole. When Earnest's son was a little fellow he made



Drawn by George Shanks

"But Father, I simply can't do welfare work in these rags!"

the mistake of tempting an alligator with a fish. In an instant the alligator had the fish and the boy's arm in his mouth. An attendant rushed to the scene, stuck his fingers in the 'gator's eyes, and the jaws opened immediately, releasing the child's arm. Although the arm was cut in several places it did not have to be amputated.

To visit the great Southwest and not see Gay's Lion Farm at El Monte is like going to Egypt and not seeing the Pyramids. It is the only exclusive lion farm in the world and it has a population of two hundred and twenty roarsers. Here may be seen the finest specimens of the cat family in all the world, not excepting the jungles of Africa, Asia or India.

Lions from this unique farm have been shown throughout the world. Numa, a male lion born in captivity, is the outstanding movie actor of the farm. As a Thespian he has earned more than eighty thousand dollars, and has been paid as much as a thousand dollars a day for his work before the camera. Almost as well known in screenland is Duke, the big fellow that chases comedians up and down stairs, or appears on the scene when the bucolic hero is serenely waiting for his girl friend. Then too there is Slat, the lion that plays the villain.

Gay has exploded the theory expounded by some authorities on animal life that lions cannot be bred and reared in captivity. Magnificent specimens are raised in large numbers to supply the ever increasing demands of circuses, zoos and amusement parks throughout the world. Animals far superior to those imported from Africa can be seen here in a perfect state of health and contentment.

Twenty years' experience with the monarchs of the jungle has taught Mr. Gay that a lion can never be fully trusted whether he be brought up on a bottle or imported from the jungle. They may seem playful and harmless but the instinct to tear and kill is strong within them.

Gay has had many narrow escapes, yet he will tell you that the greatest thrill of his life came not while he was in a den of lions, but in the front seat of an old automobile. It was while he was on his way from Los Angeles to Long Beach to meet his wife. It was one of those rainy days when pavements are slippery and windshields misty. He was going down a long hill when he came opposite a temporary camp alongside the road. A child ran in front of his machine. He slammed on the brakes, but the car skidded and went over the embankment directly toward the group of campers.

"I couldn't see how I could avoid killing or seriously injuring several persons," said Gay, "and I figured I'd probably be killed with them. My hair stood on end. But I managed to steer clear of everybody and the car came to an abrupt halt against a tree. I escaped without injury but believe me, I was never so scared in my life."

A few years ago Gay was lecturing before a small group of the two hundred thousand visitors who paid their way into the farm that year, when he accidentally touched one of the lions with his foot. The next instant Mr. Lion sank his teeth into Gay's forearm. Gay struck the lion across the ears with his whip but the beast paid no attention. The other lions stood ready to spring on their master the minute the attacking lion brought him to earth. But before that could happen two carpenters entered the cage. This attracted the lion's attention and he released Gay's arm.

The fact that there were thirteen lions in that cage had nothing to do with the attack, Gay believes.

Two horses a day are required to feed the roarsers on the Gay farm. Many of these horses are on their "last legs" when they are brought to the farm and presented to the owner.

Is the lion King of Beasts? Several years ago a group of California sportsmen decided to settle this question for all time. They imported a full grown grizzly bear from the North and pitted him against a full grown lion. The battle was staged in a huge cage constructed for the purpose. Both animals were denied food for several days before entering the arena. They lost no time meeting in the center of the ring. The lion swung his mighty paw. The grizzly went into a clinch. Both roared mightily. For hours they battled back and forth, the lion on top one moment, the bear the next. The betting was about evenly divided.

After five hours of fighting it was seen that the lion was becoming weaker and weaker. And the bear too seemed to have lost a lot of his aggressiveness. Suddenly the bear summoned all his reserve strength, got the lion in a death hug, and crushed the last spark of life out of the so-called King of Beasts.

The bear's triumph was of short duration, however, for next day he followed the lion into the Happy Jungle.

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